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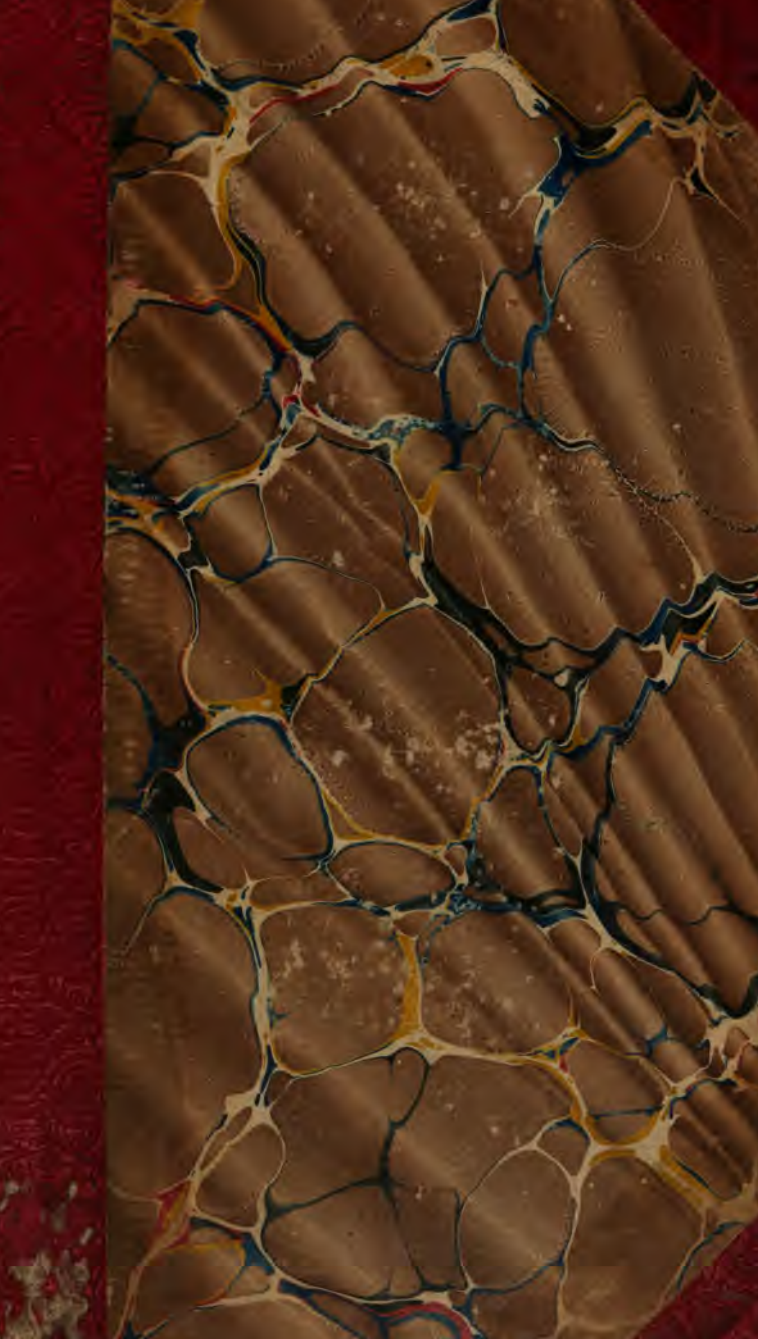

Elizabeth Digby

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THE

RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

BY

Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER.

"Not his, the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and most sustains."
MONTGOMERY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE

RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

WHILE the wretched Theodore was pursuing his melancholy journey, under a summer sky that mocked his misery with its brightness, every thing appeared to go on as serenely as before, in the domestic circle of Count Lauvenheilm.

But how different was the truth from the seeming! the scorpions of fear and remorse were in the breast of the Count; dismay and grief in that of Ellesif.

On the memorable morning of Theodore's departure, Ellesif had been acciden-

tally seized with a fainting fit as she was rising, and Anastasia had hastened across the vestibule to her sister's boudoir for some drops she was accustomed to take upon such occasions.

She was seeking them in a closet at one end of the room, when Theodore entered. The single ray of light, through the window-shutter, discovered him to her, but though she had opened the blinds of the closet, she screened herself from observation, by quickly closing the door: and as her only covering was a silk night-gown, she kept perfectly still for fear of being perceived.

His appearance at that hour in her sister's apartment, certainly surprized her; and perhaps the curiosity was pardonable, which prompted her to peep through the crevice of the door, and watch his actions. She saw him lay down the letter, and kiss Ellesif's glove; and she heard his heavy sighs as he departed.

Never before had Anastasia felt such

astonishment and indignation: she could not mistake the meaning of what she saw; and she had been so habituated to consider an unequal attachment as an impossibility, and Theodore, from his doubtful situation, so much her sister's inferior, that although daily witnessing looks and expressions that betrayed their secret to every domestic in the house, she had never, till now, had the slightest suspicion of any particular intelligence between them.

She paused for a moment to consider how she was to act. As Ellesif's elder sister, she stood in the light of a mother to her: it was her duty, therefore, to save her from an improper connection. Without further scruple she took up the letter, returned to her sister, gave her the drops, saw her quite recovered, and then retired to her own room to begin her toilet.

Whilst her maids were laying out her clothes and ornaments, she read the letter. Her offended dignity was soothed by the certainty that this was Theodore's first de-

claration, that so far from presuming upon a return of attachment, he ventured only to ask at present for the continuance of Ellesif's friendship.

But in the trinket inclosed, she saw a snare for her sister's honour: that accepted, she must hereafter admit his pretensions. It was better then, to silence Theodore's presumptuous hopes, by returning this *gage d'amour;* and to conceal the whole affair from Ellesif, lest she might be brought on to love the man she could not but pity.

Having arrived at this conclusion by the time her toilet was finished, Anastasia calmly folded up the pretty bauble in several envelopes, and directing it to Señor Guevara, instructed one of the grooms to ride after him on the road to Gran, and deliver it from Countess Ellesif.

"It is something the Señor has forgotten," she said, carelessly; no further instructions were necessary, and the servant departed.

There was little chance of Theodore's discovering that the letter was not indeed sent from Ellesif; for both sisters wrote so exactly alike, that even to themselves no difference in any of the characters was perceptible.

Anastasia had rather a kind than a hard heart, and could she have guessed the sterling value of Theodore's attachment, or known the wretchedness she was entailing on her sister, even her severity against uncertain engagements would have been softened, and she would have left the event of this letter to Providence: but judging of love by what she felt rather than by what she inspired, she knew it was very conquerable when pride and interest and worldly blame were opposed to its progress. "Romantic passions are all in idea," she heard said continually by persons who sought pleasurable impressions from so many objects that none could make a profound one: she now sincerely believed, that according to this doctrine,

Ellesif would forget Theodore's existence in less than three months, and that Theodore would fancy himself in love with somebody else.

By his own confession, he had offended her father; that circumstance was an additional reason for preventing Ellesif from forming a rash engagement with him. Yet on this point Anastasia's good nature was visible. As he had displeased her father, she determined not to heighten the Count's anger by telling him of this last indiscretion; and having thus settled the whole business amicably with her conscience, she went (looking like an angel) to join her sister.

Ellesif was disappointed that Theodore did not appear to hand them to their carriage. The scrupulous politeness of that age always demanded this attention from the gentlemen in every family, and it was one of Theodore's most delicious offices to supply the place of Count Lauvenheilm on occasions like the present. She was de-

pressed for a while, as she coupled this neglect with his strange emotion the preceding evening; but as her father also was absent, she concluded that some important business occupied them both, and that perhaps it was concern for some political anxiety of the Count's that caused Theodore's discomposure. Consoling herself, therefore, with the prospect of seeing him quietly in the evening, she rallied her spirits, and strove to suit herself to the festivity of a heartless marriage.

The tedious ceremony, and still more formidable ceremonial of the bride's introduction to all the bridegroom's kindred and friends, with the other *et cætera* of health's compliments, salutes, and presents, reminded Ellesif of her gay friend Gaston's remark, that a wedding was either as dismal as a funeral, or as ridiculous as a puppet-show; and that he would never marry until he could be married unawares, as men are killed in battle.

Wearied with a tedious morning and a

tiresome dinner, Ellesif gladly obeyed the signal for return; and leaving Madame la Baronne to her new dignity and her coxcombical husband, she sprung into the carriage that was to convey her to home and Theodore.

The sisters reached the government-house, they alighted from the carriage, they entered the drawing-room: still Theodore appeared not. In passing through the hall, one of the servants told them that Count Lauvenheilm had dined out, and would not return to supper.

Ellesif hoped Theodore was in his company; but a vague apprehension of something distressful (which she afterwards called a *presentiment*) now seized on her spirits. She looked round the spacious saloon; "How forlorn the place looks to-night!" she remarked. Anastasia calmly replied, "Yes, we shall miss Madame Sauveur's vivacity."

Ellesif was not thinking of the void Madame Sauveur had left, and chilled into

silence by her sister's apparent insensibility to the absence of her father and of Theodore, she sunk into silence.

Anastasia went up to her harpsichord and began playing, while Ellesif, unable to occupy herself, opened the glass-doors of a balcony in which were some flowering plants, and appeared busy in altering their arrangement. But nothing in reality gave steadiness to her thoughts: they had taken alarm, and were now fluttering like frightened birds, from conjecture to conjecture, unknowing where to rest. She recollected Theodore's unusual melancholy the preceding evening; the agitations with which he had broken away soon after her father's entrance; and the extraordinary tone in which he bade them good night.

Was it possible he had been confessing his attachment for her to the Count, and that he had forbidden him to indulge it. After his ardent action in the beginning of the evening, the supposition was too likely,

and sufficiently explained his protracted absence from her society.

Yet, it was possible — and O! how the thought distressed her — that his nicely-delicate character might have been shocked by her passiveness when he dared to kiss her hand: he might have attributed that forbearance to general levity, which was in reality the effect of love for him alone.

Pierced to the heart with this imagination, the tears stole down her cheeks, and she unconsciously repeated to herself those lovely lines from Shakespeare's Juliet:

"In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
"And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;
"But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
"Than those who have more cunning to be strange."

She now loitered in the balcony, that she might give way to her tears unobserved, for still, as she wiped them off, fresh streams flowed from her oppressed heart. But Anastasia's repeated warnings to beware of taking cold, made her at length return into the room.

As her sister remained at her instrument, Ellesif took refuge in the appearance of reading. When their usual hour of rest arrived, Anastasia rose from her harpsichord. "My father means to be very late, I suppose," she said, "so we had better not wait for him. I am quite sleepy after our tedious day at Baron Hoffendal's."

Ellesif was too timid to oppose this motion, though she knew that unless she saw Theodore before she went to rest, there would be no sleep for her. Hurrying away her book, she rose from her seat, and lighted her night-candle with an unsteady hand. Anastasia was at the same moment ringing for their attendants, and did not observe her sister's dejected looks. They said good night to each other, at the drawing-room door, and turning different ways, went to their separate chambers.

Ellesif dismissed her women almost immediately, and was undressing herself, when she heard the opening gates announce the return of her father. "Only another ten

minutes and I should have seen him," she said. She listened at the door, and fancied she heard the voice of Theodore mingling with that of the Count.

Happiness is so invariably associated with the presence or expected presence of the person we love, that even our bitterest feelings lose their force when we see or hear them. That voice, which was indeed never again to sound in the house of her father, — that voice which only imagination heard, acted like a charm on the perturbed spirit of Ellesif: it is true she melted afresh into tears, but these were tears of tenderness and pleasure.

Consoling dreams sweetened her sleep, and she woke on the following morning, with serenity of mind. She came the first into the breakfast room. Theodore was an early riser like herself, and devoted all those hours to study which others wasted on their pillow: it was probable, therefore, that she might have an opportunity of asking him,

when alone, the reason of that sadness which had caused her so much concern.

Again she was disappointed. Anastasia and her father joined her, but not Theodore. Breakfast was made and finished: the Count professed himself overwhelmed with business; he was going to receive a number of persons in the audience hall, and should not be released till dinner, when several of them were to dine with him.

His countenance and manner were so disturbed while he said this, that Ellesif could not fail to remark it. Again her heart died within her, and the colour left her cheek. As her father rose and rang the bell for the servants to clear the table, she was on the point of asking if the breakfast were not to remain for Señor Guevara, but her voice sunk back at every attempt to raise it; and yielding to the impulse of her father's hand, who led her and Anastasia through the gallery, she walked silently into a sitting-room.

Here the party separated: the Count and

his eldest daughter went to walk in the garden, and Ellesif remained solitary.

If Theodore had accidentally breakfasted alone, (as he sometimes did when much occupied with business,) and did not purposely shun her, he would come into this room, where he knew the family were always to be found in a morning. She therefore resolved to stay where she was.

But the hours passed, Anastasia returned, morning visitors arrived; Ellesif was talked to, and called upon to talk, and to sing, and to exhibit whatever her boudoir contained that was curious; and still Theodore came not.

When we are much interested in a question, and wish to conceal that interest, we seem to find either a shelter or a support from the presence of numbers. Ellesif had not ventured to mention Guevara while alone with Anastasia, but in the present circle she seized the opportunity of shewing one of the ladies Theodore's Laplander, and turning to Anastasia, said, almost inarticu-

lately, " By the way, I wonder what has become of Señor Guevara."

The lady who held the Laplander ran away to exhibit it to another, and Anastasia took advantage of her retreat, to answer, " Señor Guevara is not in the house; he and my father have had some sort of quarrel, and he went yesterday morning I don't know where — but certainly not to come back again. My father told me this just now in the garden, and requests that the Señor's name may never again be mentioned to him."

To chill any imprudent display of feeling, if Ellesif's feelings should chance to be too deeply interested, Anastasia threw an unusual degree of coldness into her manner as she spoke. Ellesif's face took the hue of death, and she trembled so, that the slightest touch would have made her fall; but frozen at first by the glance of her sister, she had thrown down her eyes, and now kept them fixed on the ground.

At this evident emotion, Anastasia's

displeasure equalled her concern: she blamed, yet pitied her sister's infatuation, and rejoiced now, that she had kept back Theodore's letter. She became sensible that her policy was to maintain such a reserve on the subject of Guevara, as might effectually prevent Ellesif from ever making her the confidant of her indiscreet attachment. Anastasia shrewdly thought, that what a woman is made ashamed of confessing, she will try to repress; but she forgot that no such effect will follow in a generous mind, when that shame is not produced by the conviction of meriting disapprobation, but solely from one of our associates' prejudices.

Having struck the cruel, yet necessary blow, she joined a groupe of her visitors, and Ellesif was left to recover her palsied powers.

She remained standing where Anastasia had left her. None of the surrounding objects were visible to her eyes, and but one

sound rung in her ears — "he is gone, certainly not to come back."

Such a fall from happiness to misery, stunned her almost into insensibility; and she moved not, till the appearance of fresh company roused her into consciousness. She then took advantage of the momentary bustle produced by their entrance, and hurrying out by another door, ran to lock herself into her bed-room.

For a long time all her thoughts were wild, all her feelings desperate. Theodore's attachment had then been decisively silenced by her father; nay, they had parted in wrath! And how unkindly must he have been treated, for his mild nature to go in anger! After this, what could she look forward to but eternal separation? Her whole life must pass without communication with him, without sight of him, without even the knowledge of his fate! No, it was impossible for her to endure such privation and to live.

How merciful is Providence! That mi-

sery which, when we first plunge into it, seems all darkness, is gradually enlightened by some divine ray, however feeble. There is no sorrow in the midst of which we do not watch and wait for some consolation: alas, how often do we not mistake hope for resignation, and find our error only when that hope is removed!

Ellesif's wretched heart could no longer, indeed, support the present agony, and it therefore sought a balm in the certainty that Theodore loved her; hope followed that conviction. "No, he cannot live and be for ever separated from me!" she said, weeping more than before: "if his love be like mine nothing will separate us for ever."

Determination is almost omnipotence: woman can only wish, but man may resolve; and Ellesif was right in believing that no earthly power could part them for life, if Theodore's heart urged his will to the contrary.

Then she thought of his Spanish prospects, and re-assured herself by supposing that when once these were ascertained, her father would not refuse his consent to an union that must exalt instead of degrading her.

Probably Count Lauvenheilm had been offended at Theodore's precipitateness before this necessary event were accomplished, had expressed himself with a severity unusual with him, and had provoked the meek spirit of Theodore into a retort too full of modest self-respect.

If this were all, however displeased the Count were at present, reflection must soften him; and she doubted not that a perfect reconciliation would take place the moment Theodore could seek her in his new character.

Ellesif was convinced that, as the heir of the Condé Roncevalles, he would cheerfully make concessions which he would have spurned in the doubtful situation of her father's protegé.

Fortified by these ideas, after passing the whole morning alone, she was able to dress for the dinner party, and to appear with forced composure.

Never before had Ellesif turned away her eyes from her father; but now when he took his seat at table she looked another way, and felt a sudden faintness come over her.

Her calmness gradually disappeared; for a variety of incidents made the absence of Theodore almost visible; such as the regular return of those little services at table, which people who are domesticated together naturally fall into; his own peculiar habits, and his watchful attention to her's. In the drawing-room she felt his absence still more: she missed him at his accustomed place near the harp; she missed the little work-table his hand always placed for her; at every moment she missed his meeting and approving eyes.

Plunged again into dejection, Ellesif was no longer able to take any share in Anas-

tasia's task of making the evening pass pleasantly; but pleading a torturing head-ache as an excuse for sitting nearly silent, she waited with impatience for the moment that was to release her from society.

Amongst the visionary hopes with which Ellesif sought to support herself, was that of hearing from Theodore. In his place, she knew she would not suffer the person most dear to remain the prey of doubt and anxiety: he would write to her then! But day succeeded to day, and no letter arrived.

Another had taken the office of Theodore, happily without being admitted into the family circle; her father's business appeared to go on as formerly; Theodore's name was never mentioned, and Ellesif sometimes wildly asked herself if he had ever been.

Such an entire oblivion had, indeed, gone over his remembrance, at least in outward appearance, that even a less frenzied grief

than her's might have been excused for believing it had all been a deceiving dream.

Before this utter desolation Ellesif's fortitude completely gave way. She seemed left alone in a desert, with no one to succour, or even to hear her lamentations; for Anastasia's studied coldness chilled the confession of her grief whenever it was on the point of bursting from her, and the altered manner of her father frightened her into silence.

The Count meanwhile was at war with himself: Theodore had convinced him of his guilt, yet that conviction had not been followed by the magnanimous resolution of abandoning his projects. He was therefore irritated, not grateful to the hand which had thus opened his unwilling eyes; angry at Theodore for necessarily ceasing to esteem him; angry that he had forced him to disesteem himself.

Scarcely confessing it to his own thoughts, even Count Lauvenheilm felt the loss of Theodore at every moment of the day; his

talents were so useful to him, his society so soothing, his evident attachment so gratifying. When he conversed with his present secretary, he seemed directing a machine, perfectly qualified to do all it was intended for, but to do no more; with a person who saw in him only a master, who came into his presence without joy, and left it without regret; who would, in short, go on as tranquilly in the same routine with his successor, and be perfectly indifferent whether his first employer's head were destined for a diadem or a scaffold.

The Count's natural love of virtue made him anxious to excuse himself to his own heart, for a continuance in "that path that leads down to hell;" he therefore cloaked one bad passion under another, and disguised treason with the name of revenge.

Wretched self-deception! As if revenge were not as much forbidden to Christians as the indulgence of ambition! But it was a nobler plea for the world; it was less abhorrent to himself, (since his conscience

secretly absolved him from it); and it would find far more apologists amongst his erring fellow-creatures.

He had besides gone too far to recede. He was in the main ocean, and would in vain look back for the smooth shore he had left,—he must proceed and dare the rocks of another. To repent now would be to betray a second time: if he would save himself, he must use the detestable artifice of at once declaring the whole plot to his monarch, as a scheme for discovering the administrator's real inclinations towards Denmark; and he must consequently give that prince up to obloquy, and tear Anastasia from her destined husband.

What miserable sophistry can in a moment persuade, when inclination lends itself to the arguments! Count Lauvenheilm almost believed, that in adhering to his fatal engagements he was yielding to a principle of honour, and of parental affection; yet by the same act he was falsifying all his oaths to his lawful master, and passing the

sentence of a blighted life on his other child.

He had suspected Ellesif's attachment before Theodore's departure, and since then, observation had made him certain of it. In vain did he try to dissipate the cruel self-reproach this certainty occasioned, by fancying that her gay character would soon shake off the unusual burthen of sorrow. Whether the reign of her grief were to be long or short, still it was now a substantial, piercing grief, which by its very uncomplainingness, called more forcibly for compassion.

And could he blame her for loving, for lamenting such an one as Theodore? The deepest sigh Count Lauvenheilm had ever drawn, followed this question: he confessed that he could not blame her.

But it was in vain to think of her girlish griefs. Had Theodore consented to become like his patron, they might have spent their lives together; but remaining firm to what he first had been (the other having

swerved), there could no longer be union between them.

"Ellesif must forget him," he said to himself: "till I am dead," he added; and a horrid thought crossed his brain like lightning. It was now in Theodore's power to accelerate that moment. It is true, he had disavowed such an intention, in the tumult of agonized feelings; but with his scrupulous integrity, might he not believe it his duty to immolate private reluctance to public service?

Yet, he had given his address to Aardal: but who was to assure the Count that it was not a stratagem? Who was to assure him that Theodore was not already on his way to denounce him in the face of the world?

A cold dew covered the brow of Lauvenheilm, as the terrific death that awaits a traitor presented itself to his imagination. He was in the same room with Ellesif at that moment, and the convulsive groan he uttered unconsciously, brought her to his

side. At her approach, he rose hastily, but completely unnerved, staggered, and fell back again.

"Father! dear father!" cried Ellesif, in wild alarm, throwing her trembling arms round him as she spoke.

"I am not well Ellesif, — only a sudden giddiness — go away — I want air — you oppress me — there, there, I am quite well again."

Ellesif had opened a window, and now retired towards it with a sorrowful air: her tearful eyes, anxiously bent upon her father's horror-struck features, seemed gently to question and to reproach his unkind repulse.

"Ellesif, my child, come hither," said the Count, stretching out his arms, and melting into his better self. She flew into his embrace, and as the tears gushed from her eyes, she was surprised to feel those of her father moistening the lawn that covered the neck on which his head now rested. The wild throbs of that easily-agitated bo-

som became full of Theodore; she fancied her father was grieving for the grief he had caused her, and she waited in trembling silence for the sound of Theodore's name.

But Count Lauvenheilm's heart was relieved and self-appeased by this burst of tenderness; and during the flow of those salutary tears, he had reflected that Theodore had nothing but assertion to produce in support of any accusation he might prefer against his patron. He neither possessed nor had seen any certain proof of his communication with the enemies of Denmark. Besides which, if he loved the tender, duteous creature, who now wept upon his shoulder, dare he believe she would bestow herself on the man who had imbrued his hands in her father's blood?

Count Lauvenheilm had lost that generous enthusiasm which enables us to rely confidently upon that of another, or he might have dissipated his fears at once by recollecting the character of Theodore.

"You are surely worse than ill, my

dear father," said Ellesif, timidly, "your spirits are more altered than your looks. I wish, I wish"—

"What do you wish, Ellesif?" asked the Count, guessing her thoughts, and assuming an awful air of reserve.

Again the apprehensive Ellesif was chilled into silence, and she cast down her swimming eyes, without the power to add, she wished for his sake it had not been necessary to part with Guevara, who knew so well how to soothe all his pains. Her heart longed to confess its regret with its attachment, and to discover from her father's answer what she might hope in future, and how Theodore had spoken of her.

But though no language could make her feelings more distinctly known to her father than her very embarrassment, she had neither courage to frame a sentence, nor breath to utter it. In all strong emotions, Ellesif's voice was literally lost; and at times, when it imported her the most to

express herself, this natural obstacle prevented her from doing so.

She now stood unable to speak, while her father gently freeing her from his arms, rose from his seat. "You wish that you could make me well, I dare say," he said, "and so I shall be, when I can get over the vexation of knowing that I have been lavishing kindness upon an ungrateful object. No, not ungrateful," he added, while a pang of remorse for the strong expression quivered through his breast. "Guevara has only proved himself a romantic, *selfish* visionary, as all these exaggerators of our social duties never fail to prove. Every thing gives way to the preservation of their fantastic systems. Whatever he has been to me, I will do him the justice to say, his general character is unexceptionable: but he and I can never meet again as friends. I should not have mentioned his name to you, did I not wish to explain my late seriousness. It makes a man serious, Ellesif, to be deceived in a person whose heart he once fancied he knew thoroughly."

Lauvenheilm saw by her violently-changing cheek, and quickened breathing, that she was preparing to confess the secret he sought to avoid knowing; he therefore stifled it, by adding hastily, "Enough of this unpleasant subject; I must leave you:" and without waiting for an answer, he left Ellesif alone.

Nothing repels confidence so completely as any contemptuous allusion to the subject of our thoughts. Ellesif would have had the courage to stay her father, and to pour out her whole heart, had he spoken of Theodore with wrath; but this disdainful carelessness was more than she dared combat with, and she was left therefore, to weep afresh over her dreary fate.

Count Lauvenheilm hurried into business, but he could not go from himself. Conscience, like a spectre, viewless to all save himself, followed him from the private circle to the public audience, from loneliness into crowds, from thought into action.

He reproached himself with the unme-

rited blame he was tacitly casting upon Theodore, by leaving the causes of their separation to general conjecture, and by vaguely stigmatizing him in private as selfish. Yet, how else was he to check that affection in Ellesif which he could never allow her to indulge? How else could he silence the curious remarks of their mutual acquaintance?

It was in vain that he tried to think Theodore's scruples ought to have yielded to his affection. All that the most romantic devotedness can display for friendship, and with honour, Lauvenheilm was conscious that Theodore would joyfully have shewn for him: nay, that he would have leaped into a fiery gulph at his command; but to violate his principles, even to gain Ellesif, was impossible to his unalterable character.

"Would to heaven I could live over the last six months!" exclaimed the Count, in an agony of compunction; "but now it is too late; I am in the toils."

The time was indeed nigh at hand when

he would be called upon for the fulfilment of his fatal promises to Sweden: troops were silently marching towards the frontier, to occupy the fortresses at the same moment in which their different garrisons were to be withdrawn by a pretence sufficiently plausible to prevent any suspicion in their commandants.

Count Lauvenheilm was not indeed under the serious apprehensions he had expressed to Theodore; but he knew that the court of Denmark began to look on his conduct with a suspicious eye: and he had reason to suppose that it meant to arrest him for contempt of its commands with respect to some inferior officers whom he persisted in retaining because of their devotion to his will.

He knew also, that the neutrality of Holstein was about to be invaded on a frivolous plea, though with just cause in fact. With serious alarm for Holstein, therefore, but little for his own safety, he had urged Theodore to an act which was to afford him an

opportunity of magnifying his own danger, of avowing his revenge, and of seizing the proper moment to strike his blow at Denmark.

The alarm he had then feigned was now real: Theodore had awakened his conscience, and, with the consciousness of guilt, came the fear of punishment. Count Lauvenheilm would have met death bravely in the field, and calmly on a sick-bed, had the remembrance of a well-spent life been there to cheer him; but death in any shape, coupled with the intolerable pangs of self-accusation, was horrible to contemplate.

The contumely of his fellow man had its terrors, but the wrath of his Creator was assuredly more awful; for, during many days after his discourse with Ellesif, his thoughts were often turned with longing desire towards his former loyalty.

Sometimes he wished for Theodore, and believed that, fortified by his godlike integrity, he could find courage for abjuring his meditated crime; but there was none

else at hand to exhort him to the act, and he was still hesitating between ruin and honour, when an order from the court fell on him like a thunderbolt.

It was not aimed at himself, but at his power; and he saw in it the certain sign of having been betrayed.

The order was to remove every person holding an office of trust, whose nomination to places had not first originated in the Danish court. A new set were substituted; and with a single stroke of the pen, Count Lauvenheilm saw himself at once deprived of the credit of repentance, and the power of profiting by his guilt.

If this blow were dealt by the hand of Theodore after his solemn assurance of doing otherwise, then indeed he merited the indignant abhorrence of his patron; then indeed Count Lauvenheilm was privileged to think virtue an empty name, and his own transgressions less monstrous than they were.

There was now no path for him to take:

he was suspected, known — repentance now would seem cowardice: he must stand and wait the event. To fly into Sweden would be avowing guilt that might yet be only surmised, and which, if known only from Theodore's assertions, could not be proved. It would be to devote himself to poverty, and his daughters to disgrace; for as Denmark had evidently got the start of Sweden, Sleswick would be lost, and his estates confiscated.

Such an event as the last might cool even the administrator's passion: for Count Lauvenheilm admitted the possibility of Anastasia's present possessions and future expectations having some weight even with a prince in his deciding to marry her.

Nothing was left, therefore, but a resolute stand, either to bear the blow that was to crush him, or to stagger opinion with a shew of innocence.

Although the real sentiment of the Danish court was visible in the act of withdrawing all the governor's dependents from

places of trust, it was cloaked under a specious excuse, leaving the Count no ground for demanding a distinct declaration either against or in favour of his own conduct.

He felt, however, that he was now a state prisoner; and although he had a kingdom for his prison, it still was one.

The new officers were so many spies on his actions, which rendered it impossible for him either to cross the frontier, or to hazard even a letter in cipher to the administrator.

It was evident that the King was now anxious to obtain some specific proof against Lauvenheilm, that he might be justified in the face of the world for treating him with rigour; and this circumstance fixed the Count in the belief that his present danger arose from Theodore's information.

Embracing this cruel opinion, and nearly maddened by it, he learned almost to hate that virtue which Theodore had so often inculcated. "Hypocrisy! base hypocrisy!" burst often from his lips; and feeling as much aversion to himself as to the rest of

his fellow-creatures, this man, that had so lately been the gentlest and kindest of human beings, suddenly became a fierce and gloomy misanthropist.

Ellesif contemplated the change in her father with a horror that nearly unsettled her intellects: his stern reserve, and her own timidity, stifled the many inquiries her heart longed to make; and her restless imagination, left to itself without check or guide, filled every hour with intolerable phantoms.

Theodore's departure had acted like the breaking of a blessed spell; nothing but doubt and dismay followed it. Anastasia, for the first time in her life, was become thoughtful. Visitors were indeed admitted as usual, yet nothing could be more sombre than their once gay parties. Their dinners passed in silence; and in the evenings a regular return of music and waltzing, and walking and conversation, was performed by each with mechanical exactness, yet without any appearance of enjoyment.

Ellesif could not be ignorant, from some accidental expressions of her father's, that he laboured under the King's anger; yet why she knew not, or what he had to fear beyond the loss of an employment he had so often wished to resign: but she could not account for Anastasia's changed manner, nor for the share Theodore appeared to have in her father's exasperated feelings.

It is true, the Count never mentioned Theodore; but if any thing he had left, came accidentally in the way, or if the Count took up a book in which his pencil had written remarks, he would throw them away with a violent action of aversion.

These observations, joined to the disappointed expectation of receiving some letter from Theodore, wasted the very life of Ellesif. Her health altered, her spirits entirely forsook her, and her nightly dreams became even more frightful than her waking imaginations.

In these visions she continually fancied Theodore pursued by the hatred of her

father. Sometimes she saw him assassinated by hired murderers: sometimes he fell by the hand of the Count himself; his blood drenched her garments, and she felt its horrid warmth soaking through them to her heart. She would then wake with a piercing shriek, and either leaping from her bed, pass the remainder of the night in traversing her chamber; or if she remained, and slept again, would sleep only to dream of some new horror.

What we call a presentiment, is assuredly nothing more than a fine tact, by which one spirit, unconsciously divining the secret affections or antipathies of another, decides upon the probability of its future actions. It was this tact, perhaps, which invariably gave one direction to Ellesif's thoughts during sleep, though in the day these troubled thoughts wandered into, and forsook a hundred different tracks.

Pascal has justly said, " Si nous révions " toutes les nuits la même chose, elle nous " affecterait peut-être autant que les objets

" que nous voyons tous les jours.——Si " nous révions toutes les nuits que nous " sommes poursuivis par des ennemis, et " agités par des fantômes pénibles——on " souffrirait presqu' autant que si cela étoit " veritable, et on appréhenderait de dor- " mir, comme on appréhende la reveil, " quand on craint d'entrer en effet dans de " tels malheurs,—en effet, ces rêves se- " roient à peu près les mêmes maux que le " réalité."

Ellesif was a sad proof of this truth; for her dreams, by their uniformity and continuity, produced all the effect of reality, and their events haunted her waking hours, as those of reality in general haunt the dreams of others. Without any ascertained disorder she became visibly ill: no exertion of mind could any longer enable her to contend against the weakness of her body. If she walked ten minutes, when she sat down again she dissolved into tears: if suddenly addressed, she would start and tremble, and betray all the signs of causeless yet distress-

ing terror. Always tremulous, always weeping, she daily grew worse, by an ineffectual struggle to be better.

Absorbed in his own reflections, the Count was some time before he observed this change in her looks and character; but when he did so, his alarm was equal to his self-reproach; yet it no longer depended upon him to restore her to life; for if Theodore were, as he believed, his betrayer, he was no longer worthy to be recalled or regretted.

Unwilling that his daughters should share his fate, if it must be disastrous, the Count had of late meditated sending them out of Norway; and he now took advantage of Ellesif's illness to affect his purpose, without exciting their surprize.

Anastasia understood the court displeasure to arise solely from her father's indiscreet ardour in pressing for the King's consent to her marriage; and she believed the consent was still withheld, coupled with the threat of revoking the grant of her property

in case she should contumaciously persist in forming an alliance with the administrator. This grant had always been considered as an illegal act of the late King's, and had remained unrevised by the present, solely from consideration for her father.

With the Lauvenheilm estates in prospect, she would not unwillingly have sacrificed those of her mother for the acquisition of princely honours, but it did not appear that her lover's advisers permitted him to take a wife with only a spurious relationship to a royal house, unless she brought an equivalent in fortune.

In some ill humour at this worldliness, she heard her father's proposal of sending her and Ellesif into Sleswick, with the secret determination of at once breaking with the administrator, if, on an interview at the house of Madame Rothestein (which she concluded he would seek) she should find him less ardent than formerly.

Ellesif was indifferent whither she went; yet she felt that sickly desire of change

which arises from a vague hope of finding relief in different situations. Estranged as her father now was from her Theodore, in any other place she was more likely to meet him than where she now was; and though nothing but the preposterous fancy of love (which expects miracles) could hope to find him in Sleswick, in consenting to go there, she wildly thought that perhaps she was yielding to a Providence that was about to restore her lost happiness.

As the sisters could not undertake so long a sea and land journey without protection, Count Lauvenheilm tempted the necessitous Baron Hoffendal to become their escort, with his wife for their companion. The Count offered him the agency of his estates, and those of Anastasia, with the liberal addition of the use of the noble houses he would find there, together with servants, equipages, &c.

The young man was easily induced to relinquish the unprofitable profession of arms for this lucrative employment; and

Madame Hoffendal's honey-moon having been for some time on the wane, led her to give a joyful consent to the whole plan. She was therefore very active in preparing for their voyage, and seemed absolutely to have forgotten that seas could drown, and ships sink.

The night before the party were to set out, Ellesif lingered long at the window of her boudoir, to take a farewell look of a prospect once so dear to her.

It was now October; Theodore had been gone two dreary months. Happiness and summer had terminated together, and the melancholy foliage of the country over which she looked, seemed assumed in sympathy with her grief.

The moon gleamed faintly through a showery sky, partially enlightening the objects on which it rested. Ellesif's trickling tears flowed in silence. Behind those mountains, perhaps, Theodore was now thinking of her with the same tenderness and the same despondency; or, perhaps,

he was far distant, on his way to Spain, with the loftier heights of power and honours before him, and casting off his temporary partiality for her, as he would have done the toys of childhood.

She leaned in hopeless dejection against the window, still gazing towards the first residence of Theodore, and bitterly recalling many a moonlight hour enjoyed with him at this very window.

Alas! what desolation had followed those rapturous moments! How had she deserved this complete oblivion? If her father had unkindly repulsed him, why did Theodore leave her in dreary ignorance of his fate, and of his sentiments? Was it to be ever thus? Had he indeed made up his resolution to an eternal separation?

Man in the vigour of youth and sensation, imagines with as much difficulty his change from life to death, as the attached heart does the possibility of existing entirely separated from the object of its fondest wishes. Yet Theodore's noiseless depar-

ture, and steady silence, seemed to sanction the suspicion that he had indeed given her up for ever.

That idea once admitted, the next transition was to that of his attachment having been throughout the creature of her own fancy.

Sickening at a thought which, if true, laid the axe at once to all her future hopes, she turned from the view of those peaceful objects that had conjured up so many painful recollections, exclaiming to herself, "O let me go then — go, never to return! let me forget every thing that has passed under this once happy roof! In the grave all is forgotton. — O no! — but in another state I shall learn the mysteries of this."

Ellesif secretly thought that her loss would not be deeply felt by those she left behind. Doubtful of Theodore's affection, that affection which seemed incorporated with his very soul, despondency deepened into injustice. If it were so easy for such a love as his to forget its object, or if mere

good-will wore such an air of devotedness, why should she imagine that the calmer affection of a parent, a sister, and friends, would suffer longer? Why was she to believe that their hearts were susceptible of a deeper impression than his?

This brief injustice was the infirmity of a diseased imagination, and it melted away in the parting embrace of her father.

Count Lauvenheilm appeared much agitated the morning his daughters were to set sail, and he begged to take leave of them separately. Anastasia had the first audience; she came from it in tears, but they were only the natural, moderate expression of regret for a temporary separation from a parent by whom she knew herself idolized.

Ellesif entered her father's study in such emotion, that every object seemed to swim before her sight. The Count's internal agitation was far greater, though more powerfully repressed. He felt that he was in the toils of his enemies, and that nothing but a miracle could set him free.

If but one of his inferior agents should betray him; if but one of his communications with Sweden should fall into the hands of the Danish cabinet, his life must be the forfeit. Nay, it was possible, that the monarch was even now in possession of this fatal document, and was suspending the blow, from irresolution when to strike.

Should this indeed be the case, he might now be embracing his children for the last time. At that thought, his heart was wrung with anguish, and unable to speak, he held out his arms to his daughter.

She too had come to the interview with the melancholy foreboding that it would be their last; for she believed herself fast descending to the grave. Under so sad an impression, she yielded to an excess of grief, and with sobs and tears, kissed her father's hands and garments, sunk on his neck, and rose from it, to cover him again with kisses and tears. In broken accents she faltered out a prayer and a blessing.

"What means this stormy grief, my Ellesif?" asked her father, appalled by the fear that it prophecied his own destruction; "Do you not think we shall meet again?"

"Yes, in Heaven," was her suffocated answer; and she burst afresh into a passion of tears.

The Count continued to hold her in his arms, while he suffered the torrent to flow and exhaust itself. He looked at her convulsed features in silent agony, till the tears ceased to overwhelm them, and her low sobs were only audible now and then, like the fitful blasts of melancholy night.

He then bore her to a sopha, where he sat down with her. "Tell me, my child, why do you think we are not to meet again in this world?" He stopped, then added, in a hurried voice, "What do you know? what is it you suspect?"

The unusual expression of his face and voice disordered the reason of Ellesif; she repeated the imprudent words, exclaiming,

"Oh, my God! then there is something to know — something to suspect!"

Her tearless eyes glanced with an air of madness round the apartment, and she put her hand on her forehead. "No, I cannot bear these wild thoughts; I can but die. Tell me, my father," she cried, frantiely, throwing herself at his feet, and fondibly holding him, "tell me, for the love of God, what you mean. What has been done to Guevara? — is he alive?"

The horrid phantoms of her sleep were now before her; and with a shriek of momentary delirium, she fancied she beheld her lover's blood trickling over the hands of her father; with a convulsive shudder she buried her face in her robe, and sunk on the ground.

The Count saw that her intellects were unsettling; all his fears then centered in her person; and anxious to soothe her, he gently restrained her struggling figure, as she was going to break away she knew not whither. "Be calm, my Ellesif," he

said, tenderly; "as you love your unhappy father, command this dangerous sensibility. You surely cannot imagine that I would level myself with my secretary, and meet him in a duel?" At that moment the broad light of Ellesif's indignant eyes, as she turned them on him, brought a blush to his cheek, and really ashamed of the illiberal sentiment, he added, "While I believed him excellent, I considered him as my equal, often my superior; but now, that I suspect, nay almost am assured, that his ungenerous return for my confidence, brings me under the wrath of my King, I try to think of him with contempt. I believe he is now in Copenhagen, with more prospect of living thirty years to come than either you or I. Am I to suppose, Ellesif, that he has deepened his ingratitude, by seeking to destroy your peace?"

"O never!" exclaimed Ellesif, with agony, "never has Señor Guevara, by word or by letter, sought my affections; never has he breathed a sentiment that

went beyond friendship," (she sighed as she spoke:) "if it was under that false idea you discarded him from——"

The Count gravely interrupted her: "It was not, Ellesif; the subject of our eternal separation was of a very different nature; it imports not you to know what. Suffice it that Guevara is unworthy of the compassion you feel for him. I rejoice that it is no more than compassion; and that he has not been quite the villain your emotion made me fear."

Ellesif sat weeping violently. Her father's last speech had destroyed every hope coupled with the idea that his separation from Theodore had taken place in consequence of the latter having avowed an attachment to herself.

Theodore had not then avowed such an attachment. He had acted dishonourably and ungratefully to her father: he had gone without an attempt to justify or explain his conduct to her. What did all

this argue? That she had been as much deceived in his character as in his love.

The bitterest shame sunk that confession back to her heart, which she was before on the point of making to her father; and a momentary throb of indignation against him who had thus cheated her out of esteem as well as tenderness, enabled her to answer the Count with a firm voice.

"Pardon my feeble spirits as you do my feeble health, dearest father; this sad nervous complaint sometimes makes me fear I shall lose my senses, for I think such strange things! But I will try to be myself again, for your sake,—only for your dear sake."

She accompanied the last emphatic words with an eager kiss of her father's hand. So wild, so hurried, so violent was that kiss, so unlike the tender and lingering pressure her lips were wont to press on it,—that the Count too well understood the nature of her feelings.

Compassion, parental love, and sincere

regret for having forced the object of her partiality into the revengeful act that now placed an insuperable bar between them, were struggling in his breast.

"Live then for your father, my Ellesif," he said, straining her to his heart; "for never were you dearer to me than at this sad moment. If heaven averts the storm that now gathers over my head, I will live only for my children; I will renounce the phantom I have been pursuing all my life; and I will make up to you by more than a father's love, for all that you suffer now."

"O, my father!" cried Ellesif, "what evil hangs over you? Tell me for heaven's sake; no reality can be half so dreadful as my imagination will fancy. What action of your's can any one report that is not to your honour? And he above all, that best knew—" She stopped, and averted her face, as a faint blush followed this allusion to Theodore.

Count Lauvenheilm saw that he had been

indiscreet: her natural question was truly answered by his conscience, but his lips were forced to equivocate.

"There are some state secrets," he said, "which we should not reveal to our trustiest friend; but I, like an idiot, poured out my whole soul to Guevara, and he has betrayed me."

"No—no, my father!" interrupted Ellesif with vehemence; "I would stake my life on his honour. Whatever be his fault to you,—I cannot, will not believe that he has betrayed a trust."

"You may be fatally—horribly undeceived, Ellesif," said the Count, turning ghastly pale; and as he spoke, his under lip quivered with a convulsive motion.

Ellesif was about to burst forth again into a wild intreaty that he would cease to speak thus darkly, but foreseeing her question, he hastily added, "Come—I must not prolong this parting. I cannot see you on board; my feelings would not be controuled, and we should never expose our

feelings to public curiosity. God bless you, my Ellesif, — my beloved child! we will meet again—somewhere."

The Count tried to varnish the agony of that moment by one of his former smiles, but it only served to light observation more certainly to the distraction visible in his countenance.

Ellesif repeatedly embraced him; and had Heaven heard the vehement prayer she uttered as she sunk into his arms, she would have escaped then from life and suffering.

More desolate than ever, and with wilder longing for a removal from this scene of past happiness and present sorrow, she finally quitted her father, and joining Anastasia, hurried through a crowd of weeping domestics to the carriage.

Madame Hoffendal and her husband were already waiting for them. A short drive brought them to the quay; they embarked, and Ellesif found herself once more upon

the fearful ocean she had crossed eight months before with Theodore, but now without him, without happiness, without hope!

CHAPTER II.

AND what had been the history of Theodore during these dismal two months?

He had purposely chosen to make his journey across the country, rather than go round by Bergen; and he did so from the wish of being roused by bodily exertion out of the maddening recollection of past events.

Leaving his little property to follow by the usual tedious mode of conveyance, and provided with only one change of apparel, with his mother's casket, and one or two memorials of Ellesif, he set out alone, in the direction of the File-fialle.

Already well acquainted with the country, he required no guide; but aware of the

difficulties he must encounter, provided against them as well as he was able.

As he turned his back upon Christiana, it would have been hard to determine what feeling was predominant in his breast. Was t tenderness, sorrow, indignation, or self-blame? Each ruled by turns, and possessed him wholly.

Resentment urged that Count Lauvenheilm was not worthy of regret; yet the habit of affectionately admiring him was so interwoven with all his other habits, and had been so delightful to him, that he remembered their former hours of confidence and mutual esteem with an anguish his better judgment condemned.

Then as he thought of the unkind, the unjust treatment he had received from the Count in their last private interview, and the ignominious privacy with which he had been allowed to leave the government-house, his heart swelled with indignation. He blamed himself for not having challenged the Count, in the presence of his

family, to confess that their parting was not the consequence of unworthy conduct on his part.

Never had the feelings of Theodore had so much of the irritable, and so little of the tender in them: he could almost have chidden Ellesif for not having divined a transaction, of which he knew she must be ignorant; and so exacting is the suffering and impassioned heart, that he felt her non-appearance during that short morning of his departure as a crime against her consistency.

"I deceived myself in her father," he said, gloomily; "how can I be sure that I am not deceived in her? O, Ellesif, if you are but a seeming perfection, farewell to every fond and trusting thought."

When Theodore uttered these words, he was in a sort of inn at the little village of Gran; and as part of his journey was to be performed on horseback, part across waters, part on foot, he was now waiting for a horse to carry him further.

Plunged into actual despair by this frightful suspicion, he was sitting with his head resting on his clasped hands, wondering that he had ever thought any thing in this worthless world worthy of a moment's struggle, when some one passed, singing the Norwegian ballad which Ellesif had first sung to him.

The notes acted like magic,—his heart melted at once; again he heard the tender voice of Ellesif "warbling the varied heart;" again he lived over the first transporting moments of their acquaintance, when love in its loveliest form was already stealing upon his soul.

He saw her soft and youthful face smiling like unclouded Heaven, (that face which would not let her heart be false;) he met her eyes glowing with kindness and goodness; and he followed in idea the sportive grace of a figure that might have passed for embodied innocence.

"No, Ellesif, thou art not like thy father!" he exclaimed; "I am a wretch to

doubt thee; perhaps I may never hear from thine own lips that I was dear to thee; perhaps we may never meet again on this side eternity: but what thine eyes have told me, I will trust to; and in another state of being, my soul will claim from thine the promises it has made me in this."

Is there a calamity in life that cannot be charmed into forgetfulness by the consciousness of being dearest to the person that is dearest to ourselves? The frightfullest calumnies, the sharpest griefs lose their sting in that balmy thought. Theodore suffered it to extract the poison from his heart's wound, and to spread over his future prospects the soothing balsam of hope.

It was the consolation of a few short moments. The arrival of the servant whom Anastasia had ordered to follow him, at once terminated his musings and his hopes.

He was mounting his horse at the instant this man rode up: his appearance itself foreboded ill: Theodore removed his foot from the stirrup, and waited his approach.

The servant did not dismount. — "A packet from Countess Ellesif, sir;" was his short address as he held out the paper. "I wish you a good journey, sir, and a safe return to us."

He bowed as he spoke, and turning his horse, was out of hearing before Theodore had presence of mind to stay him with a single question.

Trembling between the forlorn hope of its containing a letter from Ellesif, and the fear that it returned his own, yet blaming himself for this injurious fear, he left his horse, and returned into the room he had quitted.

The touch of the packet prepared him for the blow he was to receive from its contents: on opening it, he saw only a blank cover enveloping the trinket he had enclosed in his letter.

Prepared as he had thought himself, the blow was yet stunning. Either Count Lauvenhèilm was the most cruel and insincere of men, or Ellesif the lightest and

vainest of women. If she had ever loved him, what must have been the ungenerous falsehoods that could so soon steel her heart against him? and if she had never felt what he once fondly thought she did, how systematic and unfeeling had been her attack upon his affections?

He balanced long between these cruel ideas: but love pleaded for Ellesif; and he gradually won himself to think that there was more justice in suspecting the Count who had so lately outraged him, than her whose words and actions had so long and so faithfully replied to each other. "But what avails it?" he said, gloomily, "so hated, so pursued by Count Lauvenheilm, how can I expect that any change of fortune will bring me the nearer to her? — how can I vainly reckon upon her continuing to love me in spite of time, absence, and calumny? — every thing will tend to drive me from her remembrance — every thing will make it her interest to forget me; but every thing will force me to remember her.

I shall never again see one like her, fitted to adorn the proudest and to solace the humblest lot. She will every day see men that pass before me in outward accomplishments; what signifies a fond and faithful heart? she cannot know that mine is better or truer than others. She has been brought up amongst people who are educated to get rid of sorrow as fast as possible; what then am I, that I should fancy she alone will cherish sadness for my sake?—No; she will seek to console herself for my absence, in pleasure,—the very effort will be itself a cure, and she will forget that I have ever been."

Well might the wretched Theodore shrink from what is called the world, since even his character had not escaped its baneful influence.

Could a mirror have been held up before him, capable of reflecting, not the features of the face, but those of the mind, how would he have started at the alteration a few short months had made in himself!

Alas, time not only robs our persons of their youth and beauty, but too often carries with him the nobler youth and beauty of our souls! The loss of the first we can neither avert, nor need we lament; but the latter is always in our own power to retain; the latter is to be our portion in the world to come; and woe be to him who suffers "the thief of this world" to rob him of that which is to exalt or degrade him throughout eternity.

Naturally inclined, and long habituated to think the best of every person, Theodore was now wretchedly suspicious of the woman he loved dearest. Her father's moral apostacy had unsettled all his judgments, and he now distrusted most where he most wished to find excellence.

In this frame of mind he resumed his journey, hurrying on with feverish rapidity, though he never thought of meeting Dofrestom and Catherine without an acute pang. He could not explain to them the reason of his return, yet, neither would he

deceive them into the belief that he was still cherished by the Count's friendship.

Theodore abhorred deceit, and equally revolted from displaying the misdeeds of persons once dear to him. He had, therefore, a difficult task in prospect, when he purposed confessing that he had parted eternally from Count Lauvenheilm, yet hoped to shelter that cruel benefactor from the animadversions of his truer friends.

And this was the man Count Lauvenheilm injuriously suspected as his accuser at Copenhagen! — Theodore would rather have perished. He rejoiced that the circumstance of his being born the subject of another prince, absolved him from the hard duty of carrying the information of his patron's treasonable intentions to the Danish throne.

Tenderness for Ellesif, and lingering attachment to her father, made him hope that the latter would either provide immediately for his safety, or be induced to abandon those pernicious counsels, which

having confided to one that shrunk from them, might so easily be traversed.

The summer heats were excessive: and as Theodore wandered over the long line of downs or steppe formed by the chain of mountains he was crossing, he was often obliged to rest through the whole noon, to recover his strength.

On these sequestered pastures he saw only a few herds with their herdsmen at distant intervals; or he roused a solitary bear from her bed of mosses. Neither tree nor habitation altered the long level of those mountainous tracks; not even the song of a bird, or the hum of an insect broke that stillness which sometimes shocked him with its profoundness and continuity.

In the day he ate his frugal meal alone by the side of the spring that quenched his thirst; but at night, descending lower on the mountains, he sought shelter with some shepherd under his temporary wooden shed.

The society of these guileless people soothed his exasperated feelings for a few short

moments; but when he thought that perhaps this freedom from evil was only an effect of the absence of temptation, he sighed over human nature and Count Lauvenheilm's destiny.

Solitude and company were now alike painful to him: for in solitude he could no longer heal his heart's wounds, by dwelling on the dear conviction of Ellesif's affection; and in the society of the peasants, he was perpetually led to contrast their happy ignorance of vice and sorrow, with his sufferings from both.

If Ellesif were agonized every hour by the sight of numberless objects, and the return of various occupations that repeated again and again, *Theodore is gone*, — Theodore endured equal anguish from the very reverse of her situation.

His whole existence was changed so suddenly, that he could have fancied himself transported into another world. He saw nothing, heard nothing, did nothing that he had been accustomed to do, hear, or see

with her. The country itself appeared different from what it had been when he last passed over it; for though he purposely made a round, to avoid going by the same road as he had gone with Count Lauvenheilm, he went so exactly parallel with it, that the grand features of the landscape were still the same.

But to Theodore's distempered fancy the mountains looked more savage, and the vallies less beautiful. Where he had formerly seen sublimity, he now saw horror; where peace, only an image of death.

Used to the refined manners of Count Lauvenheilm's circle, the mirth of the peasantry shocked him with its coarseness, and it required the full exertion of his former indulgent kindness, to bear with the rough jest that was meant to amuse the sadness it shocked instead of softened.

At length, in descending the File-fialle, and entering the government of Bergen, he felt the breath of home. It produced, by association with former scenes, a sensation,

rather than an emotion of gladness; but that soon vanished, and he continued to prosecute his journey over the fiords, and across the second range of mountains, with restless, yet aimless impatience.

Theodore felt that he was now supporting himself by an effort, and that when he should reach the shelter of the stone cottage, the springs of life would at once give way under the weight of anguish by which they were oppressed.

September was begun when he reached Aardal, and the peasants were getting in an unusually early harvest.

To the inhabitants of a country dependent for "the staff of life" upon the provident care of its governors, and the superfluity of other countries, even a handful of corn is more precious than one of silver. What these contented people call a plentiful year is therefore a source of joy to them, and they gather the treasures of their little fields with transport and gratitude.

The sight of the cottage, where dwelt

one that had passed his youth in the world, yet retired from it with an unspotted conscience, softened the feelings of Theodore, and he now looked at the cheerful scene with an emotion of tender sadness.

He contemplated the active young peasants as he would have eyed so many children, innocent in fact, yet carrying in their bosoms the seeds of all those good or evil passions which are ripened in society. As he did so, he lamented that circumstances should ever call them from their present obscurity; forgetting that it is only in the world our nobler faculties are called into action; that we must all struggle there, and many sink under the conflict; but that he who conquers, earns the immortal crown which is laid up for "those who overcome the world."

Unwilling to be recognized first by the villagers, Theodore turned away, taking a less frequented path to the stone cottage. He entered at the back of the garden:—the scene was very different from what it

had been when he returned from Copenhagen after the flight of Heinreich; yet he was still, as then, coming to bring sorrow to its dear inhabitants.

The meridian sun was flaming over the little orchard now ruddy with fruit; the late flowers were all in bloom; and the base of the sun-dial, which he had constructed in his boyish days, was prettily twisted with various ivies.

The garden looked neat, the cottage cheerful. All its windows were open, and through one of the lower ones he heard Magdalen singing to her wheel. No other person seemed to be in the house; Theodore was relieved by this supposition, for he required a few moments to compose his spirits, before he encountered fresh emotion.

At the time he first attached himself to Count Lauvenheilm, he had obtained his promise of being annually permitted to visit Aardal; and although Dofrestom's arrival in Christiana had rendered such a visit less the object of his old friend's expectations,

his present appearance might easily be mistaken for a voluntary one. His entrance, therefore, did not much surprize, though it overjoyed Magdalen.

She hastily removed her wheel and her little girl, who was playing at its foot, and advanced to welcome him.

Theodore repeatedly and kindly shook her hand. Sterling goodness spoke in the open sunshine of her healthful countenance, and gave comfort to Theodore. Indeed, whatever helped to restore his confidence in human nature, was consolation to him.

Magdalen admired the more manly decision of his figure and features, not allowing herself to think that he looked less mild and calm than formerly. If he were really less mild, he was more earnest; if less calm, more impressive. She could not but feel proud and grateful for the many kind words he addressed to her; and maternal gratification, perhaps, heightened her interest in him, when he caressed her child, and praying heaven to preserve it from sorrow,

suffered a tear to glide from his cheek to that of the little girl.

In answer to his questions about the family, Magdalen told him that Dofrestom and Catherine were at the harvest feast of the pastor, Eric at the mill, and she was staying to keep house. "I will run and tell them you are come," she said, and waiting not a reply, flew like a lapwing down the valley.

Theodore employed the short interval of her absence, in fortifying his mind against the chance of being surprized out of the reserve and caution with which he meant to speak of his own situation. It was no consolation to his miseries to speak bitterly of the man who caused them, and he knew that he could not bear to hear him harshly spoken of by others.

A few moments brought Dofrestom and his sister. Believing, as Magdalen did, that this visit was a free and happy one, they hurried to meet him with such an expression of gladness in their faces, and with such joyful gratulations, that although Theodore's

heart swelled almost to bursting with the difference between his feelings and theirs, he commanded himself sufficiently, to appear as purely joyful as themselves.

Dofrestom was already apprized, by Theodore's letters, of all which had been agitated in Spain, and he naturally concluded that the present was a farewell visit, preparatory to his departure for that country.

Theodore did not destroy the idea. He acknowledged that he daily expected a summons, either direct from his grandfather, or through the medium of the Chevalier de Roye; nay, that he must, if one did not arrive, go at once into Spain, after he had been awhile at Aardal.

The subject was then broken off, by Catherine's ardent inquiries after every member of that family which her brother had faithfully described. Anastasia's beauty, the Count's condescension and goodness; but above all, the winning sweetness of Ellesif, were the themes of her discourse.

Each of these was torture to Theodore; but a strong motive enabled him to make a strong exertion. He was no longer alone, or amongst strangers, as he was on his journey, when it mattered not whether he seemed sad or joyous: the happy faces he now looked at were animated by the belief of his happiness, and he would not break the charm till hard necessity should force him.

In various descriptions of the amusements he had witnessed, and the great personages he had seen, he contrived to please his auditors, without being drawn into assertions he must afterwards disprove; but the effort cost him much; and when every one was gone to bed except Dofrestom and himself, he felt indisposition growing on him so fast, that he was aware he had no time to lose in declaring his real situation to Dofrestom, lest fever and delirium should seize him ere he did so, and some unforeseen accident bring the information by other means to the cottage.

Dofrestom led the way to confidence, by remarking that although he did not care to observe it before Catherine, he was far from liking the feverish brightness of Theodore's complexion. "You are right, dear father," replied Theodore, in a low, interrupted voice; "I am not well — and I am sorry to add, not so happy as when you saw me last."

A glow of alarm flushed the cheek of Dofrestom; he uttered an exclamation of surprize. Theodore hesitated, and then began again. "I seem fated to afflict you, dearest father, yet God knows not willingly, and, I hope, never by my own act. Oh! I see you are thinking of Heinreich; but, indeed, it is not of him that I have any thing to tell; — none of my endeavours have yet been able to discover his retreat ——."

"Well, then — go on," said Dofrestom, and he listened with the air of one who might have borrowed Shakspeare's words, and said,

" I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
" That the first face of neither, on the start,
" Can woman me unto't."

Theodore began: " I have had the misfortune to displease my benefactor; he misunderstood the principle of my conduct on one important occasion, and the consequence has been our total separation. He and I have parted for ever."

Theodore's voice faltered as he concluded, and he was obliged to walk to the other end of the chamber to recover himself.

Dofrestom meanwhile sat in deep thought, revolving the possible reasons for this painful reverse. After all that he had heard and seen of Count Lauvenheilm, he was incapable of believing him capricious, or Theodore faulty; he therefore attributed their disunion to a cause from which he had recently expected a very different result.

" Is it fair to ask what you and the

Count disagreed upon?" asked Dofrestom, advancing to Theodore.

"I had rather you would not urge the question," was the tremulous reply.

"But you will let me guess," resumed Dofrestom, kindly; "Ah! my dear boy, I foresaw either much good or much harm to you when I was at Christiana. Though I am now old, I have not forgot what my heart was in my youth, nor what my poor Nannette's was. That sweet young lady was too fond of hearing you talked of, and too kind to such a poor old man as me, not to make me sure that she loved you better than all the fine gentlemen of the court."

"No, no, Sir," exclaimed Theodore, colouring and breathless, struggling against the delightful throbs of love and hope, which Dofrestom's observation had caused. The tender disorder of his hastily-averted eyes, convinced Dofrestom that he was right.

"I don't ask to know more: it would

be a base thing in you to tell me the lady loved you, seeing that the Count cannot consent to give her to the young man he has raised; but I would rather know that both of you were unhappy, than that you had left the Count because he proved as fickle as the Professor."

Theodore smothered an agonized sigh without attempting to answer.

"She is a sweet young lady!" said Dofrestom, taking up the theme again after a pause; "in my mind, more lovely like than her sister, though that fine young Countess's bright face well-nigh blinded these old eyes; but Countess Ellesif looked so good as well as handsome, so kind, so cheering, so true! I think if I had wanted relief, and in a crowd, I should have gone and asked it of her from her countenance."

"She is all that you think her, my dear father," said Theodore, with a dissolving heart; no longer able to resist the delight of hearing her praised, his despair

and his caution gave way at once; he turned his glowing eyes on Dofrestom, repeating, with a tenderness that invited more discourse on the same dear theme, "she is all that you think her."

In the conversation that followed, he lived over again the happy days which Dofrestom had shared with him at Christiana; and so eagerly does drowning love catch at the slightest reed, that although in possession of a proof that Ellesif slighted the avowal of his attachment, he once more hugged the deceiver Hope to his heart.

By degrees Dofrestom imparted all his observations upon the manner of Ellesif, and for the time certainly succeeded in making his hearer a proselyte to his opinion. Every circumstance he noticed, every peculiar word he remembered, seemed indicative of that deep interest which really possessed her, and Theodore fondly cherished the belief, that what unprejudiced observers remark must have foundation in truth.

Yet, though both spoke of Ellesif, Theodore was unconscious that they talked of her so long; and because he did not exactly avow the secret of his heart, he fancied it still hidden.

Dofrestom, on the other hand, satisfied that his conjecture was right, consoled himself by thinking, that in separating from Theodore, the Count was rather yielding to the proprieties of his high station, than following the caprice of a selfish spirit.

Under this impression he neither sought nor gained more information; secretly indulging the unworldly expectation of seeing his adopted son finally united to Countess Ellesif, when his Spanish relations should acknowledge him, and Count Lauvenheilm be no longer in fear of public censure for bestowing on him his daughter's hand.

Calmed by this fortunate and specious delusion, Dofrestom felt no more for Theodore's estrangement from his patron, than

what afterwards arose from observing the effect it had taken upon his health.

Catherine was the only one that shared her brother's secret, the rest of the neighbours simply considering Theodore's present residence amongst them, as a farewell visit preparatory to his going for Spain.

Luckily for Theodore's aversion to be an object of curiosity and conjecture, the violent illness which seized him immediately on his arrival, by leaving a deplorable train of weakness and depression behind it, prevented any surprize at his altered looks and spirits.

He was attacked by a fever on the nerves, and as this was not the period for their only medical man's abode in the neighbourhood, he was left to nature and tender nursing.

At the end of three weeks the doubtful question of life or death was decided; and the melancholy resignation with which he had looked forward to a removal from that world which contained Ellesif — a removal unknown to her, unsoothed by her last

adieu, — changed to a stronger feeling. As the passions returned, his soul was again agitated by the racking fluctuations of hope and despair, of fond confidence, and gloomy despondency.

But the long and sleepless nights of his illness had given opportunities for steady reflections that gradually dissolved the mists of resentment, and with a juster view of Count Lauvenheilm's character, had restored much of Theodore's former partiality.

In the first tumultuous surprize of his feelings, he had hastily concluded, that the man who was capable of betraying a sacred trust, and tempting another to betray his, was wholly vile; and that all his supposed virtues had been nothing more than the angel mask of a demon.

But as memory reviewed the Count's actions and sentiments, at moments when he was unguarded,—as it bore testimony to numberless acts of spontaneous goodness and genuine feeling,—as it reminded him

of the crowds his parental care daily ministered to in privacy, and laboured for in public,—as it added the esteem of so many eminent persons of all countries, and above all, as it registered his disinterested kindness to himself, long ere the Count had held the fatal post which tempted him into guilt,—he could not forbear to own that Lauvenheilm was not less "than archangel fallen."

The heart often weeps blood, when the eyes will no longer shed tears. Theodore had forbidden himself the indulgence of romantic sorrow upon this subject; but now, whenever he thought of his unjust abhorrence of a man he had once loved so fondly, his regret rose to agony.

Perhaps his heart returned to him with double force, from being so long and so strongly withheld. Certain it is, the separation from the Count, which virtuous indignation had hitherto prevented him from feeling, became as often the theme of his melancholy musings, as the alienation of Ellesif herself.

Pity had taken place of resentment, coupled with passionate longing for the restoration of such a soul to its original dignity. If that noble structure were now in ruins, the great materials still remained, and there was an Almighty hand capable of building it up again in strength and beauty.

Theodore indeed looked solely to Heaven for the renovation of such a character as Count Lauvenheilm's, and in every orison he breathed for himself, was mixed a fervent prayer for his alienated friend. With all this tenderness, and contrition for precipitate judgment, Theodore mingled no weakness: he was still abhorrent of the acts that would have allured him into a crime; and could he have recalled the past, he would again have rejected the temptation of Ellesif's hand. Had the alternative been offered to him, of silent and merely passive acquiescence, coupled with the continuance of the Count's friendship; and his protest against perfidy, joined to the abandonment of all his soul held dear,

still would he have adhered firmly to the last.

Through the gloom of thoughts like these, a faint gleam of light occasionally pierced. If Ellesif's unkindness proceeded from any prejudice instilled by her father, and if juster feelings ever again possessed the Count, with his opinion her's also might change, and the future restore what the present ravished from him. Yet still as this idea came to console him, the unanswerable proof of her indifference which every day confirmed, served to destroy it.

Letters were forwarded to him from Spain and from Copenhagen, yet not one line of enquiry or of friendship accompanied them; his baggage had arrived, and nothing that he had purposely left was added by the officious hand of love.

This sterility of feeling towards him, blighted his hopes at once; for it was impossible that Ellesif could shew such steady indifference to his fate, if any thing like a

wish to preserve his affection was in her breast.

Though he had not settled a single correspondence in Christiana, it seemed to him that he ought to have heard of her from some one, and that the silence which was observed to him, was the effect of a determination to mortify his presumptuous desires. In short, he saw nothing unclouded by passion and grief.

The letters from Copenhagen were from Mr. Coperstad, and another literary friend; and those from Spain, were two from Gaston de Roye, nearly of the same date.

The latest of these was "of mingled yarn, good and ill together." He spoke with more confidence than ever in the success of the Austrian party, as the Archduke was himself advancing with Staremberg, towards the Ebro, and his Queen was keeping the spirit of the Catalans undiminished.

Every thing, on the other hand, was distress and confusion in the camp and the councils of Philip. If the event answered

present expectation, and Charles were successful, De Roye feared that the estates of the Condé Roncevalles would be severely drawn upon, if not entirely forfeited, by his zeal in the adverse cause.

This was the disagreeable part of his letter; that which he believed the pleasant part, was some information he had obtained from Don Julian Casilio, a distinguished officer in the army of Philip, who had lately been taken prisoner in a skirmish.

From Casilio's representations it was evident that the Condé Roncevalles was greatly irritated at the conduct of his grandson Don Jasper, who was (either from passion, or the determination of following no will but his own,) obstinately pursuing an amour with a lady devoted to the Austrian cause, and he was himself daily expected to revolt to the standard of the Archduke.

De Roye generously supposed, that if Theodore took advantage of this circumstance, to ensure his own cause a favourable hearing from the Condé, it would rather

be with a desire of healing than of widening the breach between them.

On one part of Don Julian's information Gaston dwelt with a pleasure amounting to the romantic; it was the existence and the widowhood of Donna Elvira. He warned Theodore to be prepared for his falling in love with any sister of his, the very first moment they should meet. In short, though he wrote with levity, it was plain that he thought with seriousness of this connection; and as Theodore dwelt on the idea, he acknowledged of all men existing, there was none he could embrace so gladly for a brother as Gaston de Roye.

A strain of unabated friendship ran through the whole of this letter, enlivened by a thousand entertaining follies, peculiar to his eccentric manner of seeing passing events. Many were the allusions to former days; and once or twice he charged Theodore with the delivery of some ridiculous message to the ladies of the family he still imagined him a member of.

A sentence following one of these messages oppressed his correspondent's heart with all its late despondency. It ran thus: "But how I bubble myself with believing that any of the party, except your primitive self, think about me! Anastasia and Ellesif are too much accustomed to make the agreeable every day of their lives, to ninety-nine thousand dozen of men, women, and children, to feel much in reality for any of them. They pass before their eyes, like figures in a magic lanthorn, leaving just as profound an impression. I wonder what new madcap supplies my place in the shew? If he makes them laugh as I did, *tout mieux!* If he does not, still *tout mieux!* I may have a chance then of being remembered; for people of *our cast*, you know; Guevara, (you see I don't forget our ancient disputes,) are deucedly inclined never to miss anything but their amusement."

What the Chevalier wrote in a spirit of gay railery, only to mock the early prejudices of his correspondent, appeared at this

inauspicious moment the very oracle of truth.

Theodore fell into a mournful reverie after reading it; and brooding over the conduct of Ellesif to himself, could not help exclaiming mentally, "Is thy nature, Ellesif, of this light, worthless sort? Is it only the present object that can interest thee? Are the absent as soon forgotten by thee, as by the rest of thy pleasure-seeking tribe? Yes.—Gay, delighting, and delighted, thou art now perhaps such as I have seen thee, at the brilliant table of thy father: thine eyes and thy lips smile on some other deluded wretch; he thinks perhaps, as I did, that the heart speaks in that smile. O no; 'tis but graciousness, habitual graciousness, and indifference.'"

Of all the pains which Count Lauvenheilm's fatal friendship had entailed upon Theodore, there was none more acute than that which accompanied the consciousness of being no longer like his former self. That serene confidence with which he was

wont to repose on the seeming of all mankind, was entirely destroyed. A troubled imagination now clouded every one of his judgments; and that unforced pleasure with which he had formerly contemplated the enjoyments of others, even when his own situation was distressing, had given place to an inward shuddering at the sight of any thing like happiness.

This cruel change in his character, absorbed, and at last roused him. He justly believed, that while our own hearts bear testimony to the existence of virtue, no disappointment in the character of others, can justify us in flying mankind.

Society must at once disunite, and each individual bury himself in a desart, if every one that is betrayed, or bereaved, has the privilege of abandoning his duties.

The same destiny is common to all the children of Adam: from the prince to the peasant, all his descendants, at some period of their lives, have had their Paradise, from which they have been driven

like their sad forefather, by divine command; and wretched indeed is he, that carries with him the consciousness of having "wrought his own woe."

In losing all dependance upon the constancy or sincerity of Ellesif, Theodore had lost his strongest motive for exertion; but he saw that unless he courageously plunged again into the bustle and cares of life, his despondency would end in the most deplorable of human maladies. He therefore resolved to go at once into Spain, and present himself, unsupported by court favour, before the Condé Roncevalles.

Amongst the few faint hopes that were left to him, was that of finding in his sister a consolation, and a source of interest: if she were indeed all he fondly fancied, her society might in some measure atone for the loss of Ellesif; and in trying to soothe her sorrows, he might alleviate his own.

Under these impressions, he communicated his intention to Dofrestom and Cathe-

rine, when he read to them part of Gaston de Roye's letter.

Neither of his old friends could suggest a single reason for delay; neither of them seriously wished it; yet they grieved to think they were so soon to lose him again.

It is true, Dofrestom had never received so little enjoyment from Theodore; on the contrary, he had been hourly afflicted by the sight of his uncomplaining dejection, and his altered health; and Catherine secretly thought the world had somewhat spoiled him.

It was evident that he constrained his inclinations, when he staid in their little circle of homely neighbours. He frequently fell into such deep fits of thought, that they might rather have been called trances than reveries; and from Magdalen's marvellous stories, he rarely failed to absent himself.

In fact, Magdalen sometimes touched his heart's-wound to agony. Struck by Dofrestom's description of the supernatural

beauty of Countess Anastasia, and hearing from distant rumour its wonderful effects, her lively imagination had made this fair wonder the subject of a fairy tale.

She had naturally brought Theodore into the romance; and though the lady she bestowed upon him, after many adventures, was Anastasia, for whom he cared not, so many of the fancied traits had a resemblance to the character of Ellesif, and so many of the incidents to the circumstances of his attachment, that he could not hear the fantastic recital unmoved.

Whenever Magdalen, therefore, was called upon for a tale, he dreaded this, and abruptly made his retreat before it was begun.

Yet though the good Catherine, who had never been in love, attributed much of his languor in their rustic parties, to an acquired relish for higher-seasoned entertainment, her honest heart still glowed with the consciousness of being as dear to him as ever.

Whether sick or sad, Theodore was not only always ready to do whatever she asked of him, but eager to prevent her wishes. His books, his reveries, his very solitude he would abandon the moment she appeared to want him. And if he saw a tear of concern in her eye as she looked at him in one of his fits of dejection, he would force a transient brightness into his countenance, and as brief a liveliness into his manner, till he had given a new direction to her thoughts.

Catherine knew so little of the world, that she could not excuse Count Lauvenheilm for his supposed disapprobation of Theodore's passion for his daughter. To her simple comprehension it seemed that person, knowledge, integrity, and affection all united, were sufficient claims on the heart of a Queen; and as Theodore's right to high rank, was now as little doubted by her as any article of her creed, she could not imagine why the Count, who was so

rich, should wait till Theodore were rich also.

Dofrestom had charged her never to breathe a hint on this subject to Theodore, and Catherine punctually obeyed him; but she recompensed herself by venting her ill-will at the Count's pride to her brother at every opportunity.

Dofrestom had some trouble in bringing her to reason. He could not make her understand that unequal matches are so many interruptions to the harmony of the social order; that it is the difference of habits, springing out of the difference of ranks, which makes a disproportionate union to be dreaded, as leading to mutual disagreement; that there are wholesome prejudices, which, if we destroy, we destroy so many bulwarks erected for the preservation of general comfort.

Theodore had been known so long, only as the secretary of Count Lauvenheilm, that unless he re-appeared, vested with the absolute power and dignity of the rank he

claimed, the Count would feel as much ashamed to bestow his daughter upon him, "as the pastor would do," said Dofrestom, "were he asked to marry his daughter to that cow-boy yonder, who can neither write nor read."

Catherine had some just arguments to advance against the resemblance in this particular instance, for Theodore was eminently superior to most men, in natural and acquired talent.

Dofrestom, not unwillingly, let her go off with her victory.

As Denmark took no active part in the succession war, though hostile to France, the harbours of Spain were still open to her ships, and the usual exports were frequently made from her ports in Norway.

Theodore determined to sail at once from Bergen, in one of the vessels bound for Galicia. He therefore hastened his preparations, and wrote to his friends.

In the letter to Mr. Coperstad, he briefly acknowledged having quitted the family of

Count Lauvenheilm, from a private misunderstanding; said many kind things of his patron; conjuring Mr. Coperstad to transmit him every account he might hear, that had any relation to the Count or his daughters.

Uncertain where he should be, or how to obtain letters from his absent friends, he was obliged to give his address to Gaston de Roye, certain that the Chevalier would be a safe depository for them, and must know, sooner than any other friend, the place of his abode.

Languishing to hear some tidings of the Lauvenheilm family, perhaps it was with the double hope of obtaining such news from Mr. Coperstad's correspondence, and from De Roye's conversation, that Theodore determined to make his first essay in Spain, a visit to the latter. He was not sorry, therefore, to find that he could only get a passage in a neutral ship to Bayonne: for by landing in France, he could enter Spain either by Navarre, Arragon, or Catalonia, as infor-

mation might direct him to the Austrian camp.

The year was drawing to a close: it was now October, and, most likely, ere he reached the shore of his native land, the eventful campaign would be over, and the dispute finally settled.

It was probable that he might find his gay friend at Madrid, in the suite of Charles! and be presented by him to the justice of the Austrian sovereign. Theodore's naturally peaceful spirit shrunk from the painful prospect of family contests, yet, unless the Condé Roncevalles willingly admitted, and voluntarily enforced his rights, they could not be substantiated without recourse to the King and the laws.

Theodore would peculiarly require the royal countenance therefore, because he had not the means of supporting a tedious and expensive process.

Shrinking from the thought of obligation from a friend of Count Lauvenheilm's, he determined rather to lose every thing than to

gain any thing by an application to Princess Ursini.

In the midst of these clouded views, he prepared for his departure. He sought and obtained a promise from his venerable friends, that they would follow his fortunes, if Providence should enable him to settle on the patrimony of his father. Neither Dofrestom nor Catherine had any thing to bind them to their country, except the aversion to change which is peculiar to age; but their love for Theodore conquered that without difficulty.

Every day their hope of seeing Heinreich again grew fainter, till now, scarcely one spark of it remained. He had, most likely, ended his follies with his life, in some distant place, and no other tie remained but that which bound them to Theodore.

Heinreich's name had long ceased to be mentioned amongst them, yet not one of the trio suspected the others of indifference to the memory of their once equally-dear Heinreich.

One short week had yet to pass, and Theodore would be again a wanderer, seeking new scenes, and a new destiny. Could he have hoped to find also, a new heart — could he have hoped to throw off his present one, with its load of recollections and regrets, and weaknesses, he would have sprung through every form of danger with joyful eagerness.

But alas! under the glittering titles of his family, in their palaces and pomps, he would carry the same being; the same dreary void would be left unfilled in his bosom; the same wail of anguish would be heard throughout his desolated soul.

It seemed as if, in loving Ellesif and her father too intensely, he had exhausted his power of loving others; for when he thought of his kindred, but a languid pulse of affection throbbed in his breast.

In short, frequent disappointment had chilled his confidence in human nature; except the two first friends of his infancy, every one had failed him. Heinreich, the

Professor, Count Lauvenheilm, even Elesif!

De Roye, indeed, was kind and zealous, but he had never pledged himself to that sort of attachment which defies time and accident; (though he certainly testified it by his actions, while professing only to like Theodore as he liked half the world.) Mr. Coperstad's unvaried friendship alone, had gone evenly with his professions. It had made little noise and shew, but had grown in strength and usefulness with time.

Theodore remembered many proofs of this, with a sigh, and he condemned himself for often remaining absent from the quiet society, and important advice he received from this excellent man, for the sake of still being in the enchanted circle of the Count and Elfesif: of persons who had now forgotten him — persons whose affection had not been worth the price he paid for it. As he contrasted Mr. Coperstad's calm yet tried regard, with theirs, that seemed so ardent and so delicate, he blushed to have

been so ungrateful; and he decided, that it is not on the attachment which charms us most, that we can place the most dependance.

"Perhaps," he thought, "shining qualities, by surrounding their possessor with admiration, nourish selfishness, and therefore spoil the character; while persons who cannot win the heart by fascination, seek to gain it by real worth and steadiness."

As these reflexions were passing through Theodore's mind, Dofrestom was busy settling some accounts at another corner of their parlour. Catherine was gone for a night seven miles down the fiord, to visit a family in distress; Eric was working in the garden, and Magdalen about the household affairs.

Theodore had the semblance of being occupied with a book which lay open on the table, and his eyes were indeed fixed upon it, but Dofrestom saw that neither did his eyes move, nor his hand turn the page. "Alas! alas!" said the old man, wistfully

observing him; Theodore did not hear the ejaculation.

Dofrestom contemplated him awhile with silent concern, striving to hope that the events of this important journey, might give a new colour to his destiny and his feelings. "If not," he thought, "I hope God will take me to himself, and spare me the sight of this best of human creatures, as miserable as he seems now. Why did I ever consent to let him leave me!"

"And yet," he thought, "it was by not consenting to Heinreich's wishes, that I drove him into the desperate act of going unknown to me."

This recollection of his son, joined to the melancholy ideas suggested by the doubtful fate of Theodore, quite overcame the excellent man, and he gently left the chamber, to give a moment's way to his regrets.

He went into the open air to recover himself.

The short autumnal day was just closing. A cold vapour, ascending from the little

stream by the mill, hung amongst the dark umbrage overshadowing its banks, and floated slowly down the valley.

Not a living object,—not even a leaf stirred: nothing had sound but the moaning water; nothing motion, save the pale and twinkling star of evening.

Dofrestom sat down on a bench under a cornel tree near the house, forgetful of the gathering dews and increasing cold. He was sadly revolving past events, and trying to foresee what had yet to come, when his attention was arrested by something waving through an opposite grove of elders. He looked stedfastly forward, and saw a figure emerging into the open space before him: the next moment it suddenly retreated, and was lost among the trees.

Whoever it was, evidently shunned observation; it could not be one of the inhabitants of the valley, for their step and dress was familiar to Dofrestom; and strangers in general come to explore both the people and the country, not to shun them.

Some large mass of dark drapery enveloped this figure, but Dofrestom thought he saw a child in the person's arms. As he continued gazing, again it advanced, and hovered on the verge of the grove; and again it sunk into the gloom.

This second view strangely affected him: he knew not exactly why his heart should beat, and his eyes grow dim; nor why, on its second retreat, he should hasten to Theodore. Troubled and anxious, and hardly conscious of what he did, he returned to the parlour and sat down.

Theodore was still hanging over his book. "My son," said Dofrestom, "I have seen so strange a figure in the valley!—"

Absorbed in his thoughts, Theodore mechanically replied, "Have you, Sir!" without noticing the faint sound of the old man's voice.

A few moments passed, and again Dofrestom spoke; "He looked, methought—" His voice was so indistinct that Theodore neither knew when he spoke nor when he

broke off. Another short interval followed: once more Dofrestom resumed, and rose as he did so.

"I must see if that person is there yet." There was something in his hurried motion as he left the room, that forcibly roused Theodore's attention; he pushed away his book, and tried to recollect what his old friend had been saying. Unable to do so, he rose and followed him.

As he entered the little passage that ended in the open porch, he saw Dofrestom pale and tottering upon the threshold: convinced that something unusual occasioned this, Theodore sprang forward.

"Hold me, my son!" the old man exclaimed, wildly; "I—I hardly know what ails me,—but that figure,—it wasn't a vision surely,—it was here just now. Support me, good God! I thought—follow it my son, among the elders there. O my heart, my heart!"

Theodore called loudly upon Eric, while Dofrestom continued to knock his breast,

and to close and open his tearless eyes, as if his sensations and emotions were alike insupportable.

Eric came running at the cry, and received his master in his arms. Released from his burthen, Theodore nearly took the space between the house and the elders at a single spring: he stopped at the entrance of the thicket to observe the object he sought.

The man was leaning against one of the trees, with his face towards him, but bent over the child he held upon his breast.

Through the obscurity of the bushes, and the twilight, he looked like one of those mournful shades which the ancients imagined wandering on the shores of Styx.

Theodore's limbs faultered as much as his voice, while he faintly called out, "Are you in distress, brother?"

Though long accustomed to the more distant forms of address practised in cities, he now purposely chose the Norwegian

phrase of brother, to mark the kindness of his intention.

The man did not answer; he only moved tremulously, and averted his head.

That indistinct view was enough; Theodore advanced swiftly, and stretching out his arms, felt the poor wanderer within them. Still he spoke not, but hiding his face on the shoulder of Theodore, drew a deep sigh.

"Heinreich! Is it Heinreich?" asked Theodore. The silence of the pale sufferer, his wretched appearance, and the care with which, even in this agitation, he guarded the sleeping child, pierced Theodore to the soul: his arms slackened their hold, and he was obliged to catch at the tree for support himself.

"Was not that my father I saw?" asked Heinreich, shaking convulsively, but not shedding a tear. Theodore faltered out an affirmative; he tried to say something more, to add a welcome oblivion of the past, but he could not; his agitation spoke for him.

Heinreich sighed again, more heavily than before, and a deep, hollow cough succeeded; it lasted for many minutes: the noise and the motion waked the little boy, he raised his head and looked round.

Sickliness and famine were in that look; it wrung the heart of Theodore yet more than the altered person of its father. The innocent thus suffering for the guilty!—a helpless babe! He could not endure the sight: fresh emotion gave new strength, and he caught the arm of Heinreich. "Come with me,—come home, Heinreich."

"Home!—have I a home after all?" A sort of wild, hysteric laugh burst out with his words, and a violent gush of tears succeeding, he dropt his head upon the shoulder of Theodore, and rested there till his heart was relieved.

After this stormy emotion, in which Theodore shared, both were better able to approach the house.

They saw Dofrestom in the porch, feebly struggling against Eric, who sought to detain him. "Give me the child," cried Theodore, seeing Heinreich on the point of springing forward. Heinreich yielded it, and was rushing into the porch, when the sight of Eric checked him, and he turned away with a mixture of shame and pride.

Guessing the reason of this action, Eric retreated. Heinreich looked again, saw only his father, and running towards him, threw himself at his feet.

The old man was now fixed to the spot; his hands trembled over the bent head of his poor prodigal. "Bless you, my son!" he said at last; "I shall now die in peace!"

Heinreich's groans were again interrupted by the cough, that to Theodore's ear too truly rung his funeral knell: but the bewildered father heard nothing, saw nothing, save his son's anguish and repentance.

Theodore was now standing beside them with the haggard infant in his arms.

"Whose child is that?" asked Dofrestom, hastily.

"My child, my father!" replied Heinreich, rising and taking it; "do not ask about his mother. Can you bear to look at him?"

"Aye, and cherish him too, poor innocent!" said Dofrestom, receiving him in his turn. As the old man pressed the little one's face against his, a smile of more tenderness than had ever before embellished the face of Heinreich, gleamed over his pale features. "I hope God will forgive me!" he exclaimed, stifling a still deeper sigh than before.

"Is not God your father also, my poor boy?" asked Dofrestom; "and have not I forgiven you?"

There was something divine in the old man's countenance as he uttered this sentence, lifting his eyes to Heaven. Heinreich again fell at his feet. Theodore could not resist the impulse of his softened heart, but hurrying forward, he too cast himself on

the ground, and gasped out, "Both your children once more, — dear father, — bless us again, together."

Dofrestom fell upon their necks, and sobbed out the blessing he asked.

CHAPTER III.

HEINREICH's story was brief and instructive. His infatuation to Stephania Richeman had blinded him to the ruin her extravagance was hurrying him into. Though her talents and his secured them a large income wherever they went, her fantastic desires always went beyond it; and her declining fondness was incessantly to be fed or purchased by repeated indulgences.

Wishing to discharge his debts at Copenhagen, and intending to send money to his father to repay him for all he had wrung out of him, Heinreich still found himself as incapable as ever of doing either. He was ashamed therefore to address his parent, conscious that he had no apology to offer

for adhering to an attachment at once so criminal and destructive.

But Stephania's constancy was not to be bought, even at this high price. Heinreich was attacked by a disorder on his lungs, which injuring his voice, diminished his means of gratifying her boundless caprices, and gradually destroyed his professional reputation. His malady made it impossible for him to join the festive suppers at which Stephania presided with an unbridled licentiousness worthy a Bacchante.

He could no longer amuse, and not one of such a set as that which encircles the tables of the dissolute, thought it worth their while to amuse him.

Abandoned by her for whom he had abandoned honour and peace, he sunk into a ferocious gloom, which repaid her moments of assumed or capricious attention with savageness and repulse. Stephania accepted this as the signal for retaliation, and gave loose to a new inclination for a richer and gayer lover.

Heinreich's passion was unabated, though too little tenderness was mixed with it for controul of temper; he therefore surrendered himself up to the wildest rage. He loaded her with reproaches, expostulations, defiance; and concluded by madly quitting her with the infant she had borne to him in the first year of their intercourse.

With the same headlong indulgence of all his impulses, that had marked his character in early youth, he had gone from Dresden without knowing what he meant to do, or whither to go. But his creditors soon determined the question for him; he was arrested at a neighbouring town and thrown into prison.

For some time Heinreich bore his fate with sullen uncomplainingness, but at last his proud spirit gave way before the wants of the poor infant he had taken with him: he wrote, therefore, to Stephania, bitterly reproaching her with his misfortunes and her perfidy, but offering to restore the child,

which must otherwise perish with him in a dungeon.

No heart is so inaccessible to pity as a dissolute one: Stephanie never replied to his letter. The same profligate habits had rendered her heart as hard as those of some men who leave their offspring in every country they visit, and never remember they are accountable for the moral and temporal welfare of all those beings to whom they have given life.

The poor babe was then left solely to its unfortunate father, and to casual charity.

Its prattle sometimes soothed, but oftener exasperated his remorse: he traced in its features those of his father; and the resemblance which at first seemed intended to torture him, proved the ultimate means of restoring him to peace of mind.

By constantly reminding him of Dofrestom, the child's countenance forced him to revolve his ingratitude to that excellent parent, to imagine the variety of evils his misconduct must have brought upon him,

and to wish that he might once more be at liberty to seek his forgiveness.

The image of Theodore also, like that of a guardian angel, often visited his dreams, animating him to repentance and hope.

Under this silent self-examination, Heinreich's nature gradually softened, the "heart of flesh" was given to replace "the heart of stone," and he regained in solitude even more than he had lost in the world.

By one of those miracles which sometimes operate upon our body, when our mental sufferings are at their extremity, his disorder gradually abated, relieving him from the horrible idea of breathing his last sigh in a prison.

After two years confinement, a fortunate occurrence at length delivered him.

The Duke of Holstein-beck, before whom he had often sung at Berlin, when that prince was governor to the Prince of Prussia, was passing through the town in

which Heinreich was detained. The sad prisoner hazarded a petition to him.

He confessed his former thoughtlessness, but drew so just and touching a picture of his present situation, that his memorial was answered by an immediate discharge of the debt for which he was confined.

The courtier who was commissioned to perform this charitable office, had been ordered to grant further aid, if necessary, and to learn whether Heinreich's powers still qualified him to sing in public; but this worthy almoner deputed his task to another, and that other to the keeper of the prison; so that Heinreich found himself released, and heard the Duke was gone, without leaving him the means of flying beyond the reach of his other creditors.

The goaler was sufficiently touched with compunction to give him five out of fifty ducats which had been left with him for his prisoner's use; and too grateful for this seasonable supply to inquire into its origin,

Heinreich hastened to take the road that led towards Denmark. Sufficiently disguised by sickness and suffering, he travelled securely on foot through many places where Stephanie's profusion had left him a host of claimants. Fatigue, and the casualties of motion, joined to the unwholesome food on which necessity obliged him to live, brought back his cruel disorder with more than its former violence. Still he went on, anxiously fixing his eye on the haven of his father's house, yet uncertain whether he should not find that house deserted, in consequence of his own misconduct. For himself he now only asked forgiveness of God and his father, but for his child he hoped to obtain succour and kindness.

An old violin which had amused some heavy hours in prison, served to ensure him a shelter under the homely roof which its sounds exhilarated. His voice was quite gone; not a note of that once exquisite in-

strument remained to give the listening ear an idea of angel's strains.

Sometimes Heinreich sighed over its loss, and sighed the heavier when conscience told him that loss was a slight punishment for all the faults that voice had made him commit.

At Keil some unfeeling wretches robbed him of his violin, and from that time he had literally to beg his way to Norway.

Exhausted with fatigue, struggling against disease, and sorely pressed by famine, he reached the valley on the afternoon of that day in which Dofrestom discovered him: he lingered upon the woody falls of the stream, longing to seek the interview he dreaded; uncertain whether his father yet lived and would receive him, and afraid to inquire.

During the course of this often-interrupted narrative, Dofrestom had remained clasping his son's hand fast in his, as if afraid to lose him again, the moment they should be disunited: and Theodore had sat

caressing the little boy, whispering him now and then into silence.

Theodore loved children, and was used to the delightful feeling of trust and pleasure which their innocent playfulness awakens; but the emotion caused by Heinreich's child was quite new to him.

Want, and the early observance of suffering in his father, had given to the infant's face that look of care which, in general, is peculiar to middle age. His complexion had none of the roses of childhood; and his hollow eyes wandered about with an expression of habitual anxiety. Yet under this cruel disguise, the brightness of a naturally gay character, and the ardour of an affectionate one, occasionally broke out.

When the tame elk played over her amusing tricks, his pleasure amounted to transport; and whenever his father's dismal cough interrupted the discourse, he would spring away from Theodore, and run to-

wards him with ineffectual yet touching endearments.

"Is suffering the soil of the affections as well as of the virtues?" asked Theodore of himself, looking with a melting heart on the child; "if so, poor babe! your father's misfortunes will prove blessings to you."

In the days of their boyish attachment, never had Theodore felt such oppressive tenderness for Heinreich as he did now, while listening to the story of his faults and his distresses. The repentance of the poor wanderer was so deep, his sufferings so great, and his care of his child so watchful, that it was impossible to regard him without emotion.

Heinreich was often obliged to stop in the midst of his long detail, till his cough had exhausted itself, and the acute pain that transfixed him, had passed away. But at these times, while Theodore's eyes hung on him with piercing commiseration, and his father's with agony, the altered Hein-

reich would carry their joined hands to his lips, with a smile of such grateful gladness, and a cheek so brightly red, that less interested eyes might have mistaken them for the signs of health and hope.

Theodore could not be deceived: in the grove of elders, as Heinreich rested on his shoulder and drew a heavy sigh, the hot breath that came with it across his cheek, had assured him that destruction was within: he now suggested the necessity of rest both for the father and child, and went himself to talk to Magdalen about the best apartment for them.

When Heinreich had cooled his feverish lips with a draught of butter-milk, and the little boy had eaten a more substantial supper, Theodore assisted his sad companion to his chamber, where he left him with the promise of occupying a bed close beside him.

On returning to the parlour where he had left Dofrestom, he found the old man sitting with his hands clasped, and his eyes

raised to heaven; his countenance had the fixture of earnest, rather than sorrowful prayer.

Theodore hesitated on the threshold; Dofrestom perceived him, and called on him to advance. "Theodore!" he said, laying his hand upon his, "I have been thanking God for the great mercy of this evening, and preparing myself for the blow that is to follow it. My son is restored to me—but I see that I am not to keep him long."

At the last words the afflicted father's voice faltered into tears, and he fell upon Theodore's neck, to conceal their excess.

Theodore gently pressed his venerable figure to his breast, answering by a deep-drawn sigh. The silence between them was long and awful; for Theodore ventured not to insinuate a hope that must be destroyed, and Dofrestom's thoughts were all centered in the future grave of his son. At length Dofrestom feebly raised himself: "You shall never see me so overcome again,

Theodore," he said, gratefully: "I am too thankful to the Almighty for permitting me to see my son once more, and to see him so blessedly repentant, not to bear all the rest as a Christian ought. I am old; my time after him cannot be long; and after that I shall be with him through all eternity. Had he died three years ago, before Heaven had touched him, what might have been his fate in the other world! Perhaps our separation had been eternal."

"If we must lose our dear Heinreich," replied Theodore, much affected, "his child will remain—." His last words were so inarticulate, that it was rather Dofrestom's heart than his ear that caught them. He answered by a tearful smile.

After a short silence, he resumed the subject of his son's disorder, with which he was unhappily well acquainted, from attending the last illness of his wife; and he spoke with anxiety of the effect this agitating surprize might take upon Catherine.

Theodore undertook the task of going

the next day to bring her home. Dofrestom warned him to prepare her from the very first for the alteration she would see in Heinreich, and the event that was likely to happen so soon: after which, they must all bend their attention to alleviating Heinreich's pains, setting him at rest for the future fate of his child, and strengthening in him those pious sentiments that would speak peace to his departing soul.

Time, and the habit of considering Heinreich as no more, weakened the shock to Catherine, when she heard that although he was restored to his family, his final removal from them and from the world was near at hand. With Dofrestom, she acknowledged the mercy that accompanied this affliction: too thankful for the first to murmur at the second.

Heinreich was now the centre of general attention and kindness: every one seemed to have forgotten that he had ever wilfully caused them a heart-ache; and though he never forgot it himself, there were times

when the pleasant feeling of home and comfort, called forth a flash of his original gaiety.

Amongst the persons that rejoiced in the return of Heinreich, none were more sincere in their joy, or more guarded in its display, than Magdalen. She knew that every service she might render him would be so many daggers to his now awakened conscience, and she therefore nobly suffered him to think her less assiduous about his comfort than she really was.

Whatever could be done without his knowledge, for him or for his child; whatever she could facilitate or prompt others to do, she never failed to do; but she put a force upon her natural inclination, and left every personal attention about the invalid to the good Catherine.

Yet what she retreated from, her amiable husband was forward to perform; and Heinreich, by degrees, learned the extent of her invisible services. He said nothing, but he thought deeply: he contrasted her ge-

nerous conduct with that of the woman for whom he had abandoned her, and regret was soon added to repentance.

One day he said to her, "Magdalen, if I thought my poor boy would ever be the husband of your little Catherine, and that they would live here when we are all gone, I should die happy. Would you let her marry a son of mine?"

"I love him already as if he were my own child," said Magdalen earnestly; "and if it were right to dictate to Providence, I should pray that my Catherine may one day be his wife."

There was nothing in the heart of the wedded Magdalen that could colour her cheek; she now saw in Heinreich only a suffering, repentant friend, and she held out her hand to him with fearless confidence.

A tear dropped on it from Heinreich's eye as he gave that hand a kiss; but in his tear there was nothing beyond affectionate gratitude for a respectable and generous wo-

man, and regret that he should not live to witness the union of their children.

Eric entered at the moment, and being told what had passed, gave his warm assent to the compact.

Heinreich had been told Theodore's story by Dofrestom; who naturally gave it the sanguine aspect of his own hopes, so that Heinreich looked forward to Theodore's aggrandisement and future union with the daughter of Count Lauvenheilm as certain events. This prospect for one whom he now loved in proportion to his merits, gave him disinterested pleasure; for experience had taught him not to desire for his child the life of display he had himself sought; and he secretly prayed Theodore to have him educated (when he should be no more), not in vain accomplishments, but in plain, practical knowledge, befitting his moderate station.

At first, Theodore gave up the project of going to Spain, till he had fulfilled the last duties to his early companion, and admi-

nistered all the comfort his presence could bestow upon Dofrestom and Catherine. But he dared not urge this reason to any of them; and though they each guessed it, none of them would allow him thus to make a useless sacrifice of his prosperity.

Indeed three or four days of happiness and tender nursing produced such a wonderful alteration for the better in poor Heinreich, that if his father's hopes of ultimate recovery were not raised by it, the amendment made him believe that Providence would at least suspend the hour.

Much argument and more entreaty were necessary, before Theodore consented to renew the preparation for his journey: at length they prevailed, and, for the third time, he left the valley of Aardal.

Why should we detail again the bitterness of a parting hour? It was sad and solemn to all: for he that went was going either to become the member of another family; to identify himself with all its cares, gratifications, honours, and disgraces; or

to lose at once every expectation from the future: and they that remained were fearful they might not live to learn the triumph of his hopes, or to succour him under the crush of disappointment.

But each individual had his peculiar source of comfort. Theodore was grateful to Providence for having ordained the return of Heinreich before his departure, since now, as Dofrestom's little income was unincumbered, he left his paternal friends free from anxiety about money, and eased of fears for their prodigal.

Dofrestom rejoiced more in Heinreich's altered frame of mind, than he lamented for the fatal change in his health. Catherine thanked heaven that if he were to be taken from them, they would at least have the melancholy satisfaction of administering to his sickness: and Heinreich himself ventured not to ask for longer life, since he was permitted to leave his child in the hands of such tender and judicious friends.

Long after Theodore had left the cot-

tage — long after the very mountains above the valley had become "far off and undistinguishable," did he seem still to see the bursting tears of Catherine, to hear the deep-suppressed sigh of Dofrestom, to feel the eager kiss of Heinreich's little boy, and the damp, cold grasp of its father.

When he recollected Heinreich in the bloomy pride of youth, and the arrogant reign of the passions, and contrasted that image with what he was now, dying, humbled, grateful, he acknowledged with awe the power and the goodness of that beneficent Being, who can thus turn afflictions into blessings, and make our very sins sow the seeds of additional piety.

From this spontaneous review of his early companion's transgressions, he turned his thoughts upon his own past life, carefully reviewing its events, scrutinizing his actions, and rigorously examining their good or evil.

The result of this self-examination was much self-blame: though unable to find his

intentions guilty, he could not entirely absolve his conduct. During his late connection with Count Lauvenheilm, he had been oftener guided by inclination than by sound morality. At the time, he certainly believed he was acting right, for his heart had corrupted his judgment; but he now saw his error, and sincerely deplored it.

From the moment he became conscious to his affection for the daughter of his benefactor, no plea should have induced him to remain under the same roof with her: he should have conquered his natural reserve, and have told the Count why he renounced his protection.

By this act, at that period, he would most likely have sealed his eternal separation from Ellesif, but he would have carried with him the respect of her father: he would have carried with him the delightful privilege of still loving his benefactor; and had fortune afterwards raised him to rank and wealth, he would still have been authorized

to seek the hand of Ellesif without dreading a prohibition from her family.

Now, he was eternally divided from her as from them, and all these hopes and consolations were gone.

Whatever resolution he had formed to conceal his attachment from its object, and however magnanimously he had kept it, still he ought to have remembered, that "a murderous guilt shews not itself more soon, than love that would seem hid;" and that perhaps no purposed wooing, wins a heart so surely, as the observance of a passion struggling against an honourable desire of self-conquest.

In this way he certainly wooed Ellesif, though not intentionally, and by that act deviated from the strict line of duty: perhaps from this very deviation the Count was led to hope he might be tempted into larger ones, by larger gratifications; and Theodore might therefore date the temptation and the shock of their last interview from his own error.

Whatever splendid fate might now await him, could scarcely avail to make him happy; for the Count's consciousness of guilt would lead him to shun the person that knew its secret, and Ellesif was not likely to give her hand unsanctioned by her father; the track of rectitude, therefore, would then have been the road of interest.

It is ever so: our sins against truth and integrity have but partial success; the result is always in favour of virtue; and the heart that swerves from that onward path is left not only to lament its transgression, but its disappointment.

Theodore lamented his fault even more than its consequences; and believing his present desolation of mind only a just punishment, he strove to quell that spirit of murmuring which had of late warred strongly against the natural submission of his character.

With these impressions he proceeded on his journey. At Bergen he took ship for the coast of France. After a long and

stormy voyage, he found himself on the confines of a kingdom which held all that was to colour his future fate. He chid himself for the sad passiveness that yet possessed him; he strove to rouse himself by the sweet thought of his widowed sister; by the vision of making her happiness with De Roye; by the certainty of possessing, in a high station, the power of diffusing comfort and improvement over a great extent of population.

And as our best intentions are to have some alloy of weakness in them, he loved to think that when Ellesif might have forgotten his very existence, the rumour of his patriotic exertions would revive his image in her heart.

A soldier might have said with Antiochus,

——" Ou qu' au moins jusqu' à vous porté par mille exploits,
Mon nom pourroit parler, au défaut de ma voix."

but Theodore hoped to speak to her tender spirit by less sounding claims—by the blessings of the poor he had relieved, the oppressed that he had defended, the ignorant that he had enlightened, by a mass of dependent, depressed tenants, made respectable and happy.

His benevolently-romantic heart formed a Utopia of his grandfather's estates, and the repetition of the same reveries soon kindled this spark of enthusiasm into a blaze.

For the sake of expedition and economy, he had left every thing behind him in Norway that was not absolutely necessary for his journey. His treasures consisted of his little hoard of money, and the casket which contained all the testimonials of his birth, and the few memorials he still hoarded of Ellesif. With this casket always about his person, and well armed, he feared to lose it only with his life.

The information he received on the French coast directed his course in Spain, and he passed at the foot of the Pyrenees through

Bearn, Gascony, and Languedoc, into Roussillon, and thence into Catalonia.

The political changes of the campaign had been as eventful as various. In the month of July the Archduke had crossed the Ebro, and advanced upon Saragossa, driving the small force of Philip from every post between that city and Madrid: in August Philip had been forced to abandon his capital, removing the offices of state to Valladolid; and in September Charles had entered Madrid in triumph.

Having staid only three days to be formally proclaimed, the Austrian Prince had followed the flying Philip to Valladolid: again the supreme courts were removed further, to Victoriá, while the young Queen sought shelter in a frontier town.

At this moment every thing seemed lost, except the Monarch's resolution and his people's attachment: but a wretched remnant of old men, women, and children had waited the entrance of Charles into the

capital: all its inhabitants voluntarily following the steps of their Monarch.

Endeared by his struggles against the tutelage of his royal grandfather, and his evident attachment to Spain, Philip had now become the king of its choice; and nothing but the superior force of Charles, swelled by the troops of England and of Portugal, was likely to conquer the general resolution of refusing the Austrian yoke.

Though called upon by the court of France to resign the contest; nay, even forced to believe France would abandon him to the mercy of his opponent, Philip persisted in the determination of falling, if he were to fall, faithful to his people.

His Queen animated his courage, by spontaneously offering rather to transfer with him the seat of empire to their dominions in the new world, than basely to give up their rights in the old.

Unable to resist so much heroism, France consented to afford a few more troops, and

two of her best generals. Vendome and Noailles were sent to counterpoise Staremberg and Stanhope.

The military reputation of Vendome stimulated the loyal Spaniards to new exertions. The leading nobles organized their peasantry, and brought their own revenues to the public treasury. Amongst these, the name of the Condé Roncevalles was pre-eminent for liberality and activity.

Vendome thus strengthened, and ably seconded by the predatory war of the various partizan corps, rapidly advanced through Salamanca and Placentia to the momentuous bridge of Almarez: he succeeded thus, in preventing a junction between the allies and the Portuguese.

Meanwhile, Noailles was boldly pushing forward from Roussillon to Catalonia, with the avowed purpose of attacking Girona.

Alarmed for the safety of his Queen, whom he had left behind in Barcelona, Charles had hastily abandoned Madrid, and retreated into Arragon. Philip had in his

turn advanced; and when Theodore was listening to these details from a French smuggler on the borders of Catalonia, the grandson of Louis XIVth was once more triumphant in his capital.

Uncertain of the fate of his friend de Roye, Theodore scarcely knew how to act; if he should have fallen during this fierce campaign, or be taken prisoner, his progress to the Austrian court at Barcelona would be useless, and perhaps detrimental to his views in Madrid. Yet, situated as he was, a stranger as much to the wishes as to the local interests of his country, he could not be said at present to embrace either party. He was merely seeking either a welcome from his family, or justice from the King of Spain.

Had he still enjoyed the friendship of Count Lauvenheilm, he would at once have given up the idea of entering a rival camp, and have sought the protection of Philip through the Princess's interference; but as it was, delicacy, and a just pride, prevailed over other considerations.

If he could learn from de Roye any thing further of his grandfather's sentiments, and his cousin's conduct, and where he might hope to find the former, he would then go and present himself boldly before the Condé.

Agreeable to this resolution, having got information that a body of Austrian and English troops were in the neighbourhood of Urgel, and hoping to find de Roye amongst them, he proceeded no further in France, but at once entered Spain, by one of the romantic passes of the Pyrenees.

In a less anxious state of mind, the treasures which philosophic curiosity may find in these mountains, and the wild beauties which at every step court the eye of taste, would have charmed Theodore into lingering and delight. But now he scarcely paused to remark a phenomenon or a grace, hastening forward with anxiety to know the fate of his friend, and to ascertain his own prospects in the future.

In defiance of every despondent thought, the hope of obtaining Ellesif was yet mixed with the desire of being publicly proclaimed the heir of the Condé Roncevalles, and to this fond, fantastic hope, might be attributed the new impulse which was given to his spirits by the sight of the vallies of Spain.

Upon entering Catalonia, he found the Austrian troops in the utmost disorder. Barcelona and Tarragona were both menaced by the French; and Vendome, with the whole Spanish force, was rapidly pursuing the retreat of Charles.

The battle of Villaviciosa had determined the fate of the war; and the preceding capture of the British troops under General Stanhope at Brihuega, had crushed the Archduke's expectations of owing his crown to British valour.

Gaston de Roye was then either a prisoner, or no longer in life. He commanded a regiment under General Stanhope; and Theodore dared not hope that a miracle had

been worked for his friend on that disastrous day.

Providence deals kindly with the heart that sorrows too much over one dear object, when its outstretched arm threatens another. Recalled to the sense of having something still to lose, therefore something still to be grateful for, that erring heart learns to check its lamentations.

Theodore had never before known the extent of his affection for de Roye. The moment he had just cause for apprehending his death, his thoughts, which had till then hung over but one dear image, the image of Ellesif, now took a new direction, and were almost solely occupied with prayers and wishes for his generous friend.

The Chevalier's careless, unpretending goodness, had increased in value since Theodore had learned to distrust that which united sentiment to action; and he had looked forward to repose upon his generous nature, with a security he could not hope to experience from any new connexion.

Apprehensions for his own safety, soon forced him to think less of this harassing subject.

In attempting to reach an Austrian outpost, he fell in with a Spanish miquelet, who was taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country, and attacking two unarmed travellers, for the purpose of plundering them. At their first cry for help, Theodore and his guide ran to their assistance.

The guide had pistols, and Theodore a short cutlass, with which he struck the harquebuss out of the fellow's hand, before he had time to level it; but in throwing off his cloak, to leave his body more freedom of action, while he sprang upon him, and pinioned down his arms, he discovered to those around, his mother's casket, slung round his body by a leathern girdle.

At that moment, the combatants were surrounded by a small party of Spanish cavalry; one of them, leaning from his horse, dexterously cut the belt with his

sabre, and, leaping to the ground, seized it as it fell.

No sooner did Theodore behold this precious memorial in the soldier's hand, than calling aloud to the commander, he avowed himself a Guevara, demanding the immediate restoration of the box. The officer, taking it from the soldier, refused to restore it; alleging, that as he found him in the act of assaulting a soldier of Philip's, he must consider this assertion as a fabrication, and detain him a prisoner.

Contest was now hopeless, for the troop hemmed him round; besides which, if his casket remained in their hands, liberty would be a vain benefit; he therefore yielded his sword, lamenting to the travellers that it had been used so ineffectually for their service.

Upon examining the strangers' passports and papers, the Spanish officer was convinced that they were peaceable tradesmen going on business; he therefore released them; but Theodore had no passport, and

having confessed that he came last from Roussillon, he was marched, together with his guide, to an adjacent town, where the former was placed for security in an empty magazine for arms, and the latter taken aside and closely questioned.

Theodore's meditations were of a very different character from any he had yet given way to, when he found himself deprived of his liberty, and closely imprisoned with several unfortunates like himself.

The casket, that precious deposit of all he loved and valued, was taken from him, and neither intreaties nor remonstrances, nor all the vehemence of unfeigned anguish, could obtain its restoration.

It was in vain that, on the officer's return, he continued to assert his relationship to the powerful house of Roncevalles, appealing to the contents of the casket for proofs of his truth. The subaltern officer, by whose party he had been taken, persisted in treating him as a spy, since the guide had con-

fessed that their ultimate destination was to the camp of the enemy.

"Who is the commandant of the town?" asked Theodore impatiently; "take me before him. I am ready to meet the consequence of falsehood, if falsehood be found in me. But do not for God's sake separate me from this box, which contains every thing that is valuable to me upon earth."

"We are not robbers, sir," replied the angry officer; "if your box contained the Indies, it would be safe in the hands of a Spaniard: but if one treasonable paper be found in it, your box and yourself will share the same fate — destruction."

"It is not plunder I fear, sir," replied Theodore, with his usual forbearance, "but accident. If but one of those papers were lost! I intreat you, sir, as you start at a degrading suspicion, when you fancy it levelled at yourself, respect my desire to be cleared from the infamous imputation of a spy. I am willing to tell all that concerns me, to any person vested with legal

authority, and as willing to stand the event of his investigation."

"We shall see, sir," was the only reply he received from the morose lieutenant, who disappeared the next moment with the casket.

Theodore remained walking up and down a long unfurnished place, paved with stone, and although the middle of December, without a stove to warm it. Most of the other prisoners were standing in groupes, each groupe having its own declaimer in the centre.

Theodore alone walked apart, submitting to his fate with dignified composure, though painfully anxious for the event. If his casket were never restored, with it would go every claim upon the family of his father; with it would go his fond hopes of Ellesif, and his sanguine expectation of one day returning to the child of Heinreich the obligations he owed its grandfather; with it would go his proud views of extensive and splendid usefulness; and losing all these,

he must either begin life afresh, or return to the obscurity of Aardal.

Begin life afresh! Theodore, even now well nigh weary of the world, shuddered at the idea. He stopped in his agitated walk, and drew so profound a sigh, that it made the various speakers pause in their harangues, and their hearers turn their eyes from them to him.

Sensible of the notice he had attracted, he hastened to prevent any inquiries, by redoubling the quickness of his steps to and fro. But one of the prisoners advancing with a look of interest, courteously enquired the particulars of his capture.

There was something so engaging in the ardent countenance of the speaker, that Theodore perused it more attentively after he had spoken; then frankly answered him: "I suppose my misfortune is an every-day occurrence. I am simply a traveller, journeying in search of the Condé Roncevalles; but having imprudently sought to ascertain the fate of a very near friend, in the Eng-

lish army, have fallen under the suspicion of being a spy."

"If you have been plundered of your purse, by your captors, sir," replied the Spaniard, "I have fortunately preserved mine, and its whole contents are at your service."

Theodore's heart glowed at this disinterested kindness, which made him forget that he had often been deceived by sudden liking. "I am grateful for your generous offer, sir," he replied; "all my wealth was one small casket, which has indeed been taken from me; and if I lose that, it will be of little consequence how the remainder of my life is wasted."

The cloud that shaded his features interested the stranger, and brought an answering cloud on his; but fire flashed from it, as he exclaimed, "All you possess, sir!" and you have been robbed of it! I am ashamed of my countrymen. Do me the favour to describe the casket, and the sum it contained, I may then assist in recovering

it, for I shall be liberated in a few hours: I have nothing to fear for myself."

"My treasure did not consist in money, sir," replied Theodore, with a pensive smile; "the most precious contents of that box are some memorials of friends I am eternally separated from — (he sighed as he spoke), and some documents with which I hoped to establish my claim upon a noble inheritance in Navarre."

"In Navarre!" repeated the Spaniard, earnestly eyeing him; "you said you were seeking the Condé Roncevalles; — surely — but no. May I ask the favour of your name?"

"Theodore Guevara," was the frank answer.

"Santa Maria! And the friend you were about to seek with General Stanhope? —"

"Was the Chevalier de Roye," added Theodore, roused to an indistinct expectation by the stranger's manner.

The next moment he found himself

warmly embraced after the fashion of the country, by his new acquaintance. "Pardon my joy, sir," cried the animated stranger, "I am transported with this opportunity of returning the kindness I have experienced from the Chevalier, to a person for whom I know he has such an attachment. My name is, perhaps, not unknown to you, — Don Julian Casilio."

At such a time any one that had merely seen de Roye, would have been cordially greeted by Theodore; he was therefore overjoyed to meet a person who knew him intimately, eagerly enquiring what had been his fate.

"I should perhaps say, I am sorry to tell you he is a prisoner in Castille; but I have wished him out of this useless struggle, and as I shall soon be in a condition to soften his captivity, I am selfish enough not to regret it."

"I do not understand why you are here, sir?" observed Theodore, looking round

the prison: "all these persons are prisoners to your own party; and you—"

"A prisoner also," interrupted Don Julian, with vivacity. "Through the Chevalier's exertions, I obtained permission to go freely about in Catalonia, upon my parole. When an Austrian corps, with which I happened to be by accident, was surprised by a detachment of our partizans; I was seized among the rest, and brought hither, not two hours ago. No one happened to know my person, and neither my own testimony, nor that of the Austrians, could persuade the commandant that I was really Don Julian Casilio. He looked upon the assertion as a scheme to get me released, and he has shut me up here, till some one comes from the next garrison that can identify my person."

Theodore's pleasure shone in his expressive eyes. This meeting with a person not only qualified to inform him of de Roye, but of his family, seemed little else than providential; and if the contents of his

casket were not already dispersed, he might recover it by his means. He expressed these feelings with that interesting mixture of truth and delicate self-restraint, which was peculiar to him; then proceeded to question Don Julian about his relatives.

Don Julian could not add much to the information he had formerly given de Roye, for his captivity in Catalonia left him without certain intercourse with his friends; but he was able to assure Theodore, that the Condé Roncevalles was living, and at open war with his grandson, who persisting in his intrigue with the Marchioness Santa Clara, had given her a dishonourable proof of his complaisance, by resigning his commission under Philip.

This species of neutrality between the two parties, it was augured, would end in Don Jasper's finally adopting the cause of the Archduke; yet in the present declining state of the Austrian interest, many persons justly supposed he would not madly take a step that must forfeit his rank and estates.

Don Julian painted the headstrong, selfish, licentious character of Don Jasper in such lively colours, that it lessened Theodore's repugnance to strip him of a power he thus shamefully abused. He was glad that his claims had not been urged before, for now the indignation of his grandfather would temper his regret for the destruction of his favourite's prospects; and a few months ago he would have yielded Theodore his rights, with reluctance, and perhaps dislike.

The light reputation of the Marchioness Santa Clara appeared to justify the Condé Roncevalles in his displeasure at her connection with his grandson. She was a German, in the service of the Queen Dowager: she married the Marquis Santa Clara, and during his life was more than suspected of infidelity to her marriage vows. He fell in the cause of Philip; his widow, therefore, challenged that prince's protection, even while she secretly caballed in favor of the Archduke.

In hopes of alarming Don Jasper into his duty, the Condé Roncevalles had invited his granddaughter from her retirement in Arragon; and Theodore heard with a thrill of joy that his widowed sister was now for the first time a resident with her grandfather, in Saragossa, where the court were *pro tempore.*

How many eager questions did he not put to Don Julian! Her character, her appearance, her habits of life. On each of these subjects he had numberless enquiries to make; but Don Julian had never seen her, and knew only by report that she was handsome.

This dawn of kindness in the Condé to the offspring of his son Balthazar, animated Theodore with the hope that whatever legal obstacles he might have to encounter, he need no longer apprehend any from the head of his house.

Could he but recover the momentous casket! It was painful to think that perhaps all those papers which if seen, would

at once place him in the rank he was entitled to claim, were now scattered, defaced, irrecoverable! and it was maddening to imagine that each dear memorial of Ellesif, which had so often lived on his heart, were contemptuously destroyed by brutal plunderers.

It was not possible for Theodore to conceal this torturing anxiety from his sensitive companion; for though he spoke not of it, his saddened eyes were full of his heart, and his frequent sighs perpetually excited the attention of Don Julian.

The possibility of being recognized too late to assist in the restoration of Theodore's property, drew forth all Don Julian's characteristic impetuosity. To have heard his impatient exclamations, and seen his anxious observance of every voice or step that approached the room they were in, it might have been supposed that he was the person most interested.

The rest of the prisoners catching at what he said to Theodore, crowded round him,

with representations of their various cases, and petitions for his help. Every one that had not been actually taken with arms in his hands, or in a military dress, had something to urge in favour of release; and Don Julian promised his good offices to all, if their different statements should prove correct.

The day wore away; and though a guard now and then opened the door, and looked round the room, as if counting the number of the prisoners, no one arrived, either to summon Theodore, or to challenge Casilio.

The former sat patient and thoughtful, wondering at the fruitless passion of his companion, who raved like a madman, and thundered unheard-of vengeance upon every one concerned, in detaining him thus long from serving his friend Gaston de Roye.

Violent as his expressions were, there was nothing shocking in them; for there was no malignity in them; nothing selfish (except that generous wish could

be called so) mixed with his impatience. He seemed disdainfully careless of all that was unpleasant to himself, and purely anxious to recover his liberty for the sake of others.

Though he exhaled every sort of imprecation against his detainers, Theodore could have staked his life, that the moment he should be set at liberty, he would forget every thing but the suits he had taken in hand. He therefore listened to him without disgust, almost admiring the varied lightnings of his keenly-bright physiognomy.

At night they rolled themselves up in their cloaks, and lay down on the stone floor. Theodore did not expect to sleep, but hoped that his stormy companion would for awhile forget his indignation, and leave him time to collect his scattered thoughts.

If no tidings arrived in the morning, he determined to try the goodnature of the guard, and request him to convey a message

from him to the commandant: his ability of exertion was so cramped by his situation, that he could not hope much from his own unassisted efforts. Yet, it was his duty to try every method for that purpose.

While he mused, his meditations were perpetually interrupted, either by Don Julian's calling out in his sleep, or by his suddenly starting up, and "unpacking his heart" of its choler. At these times, Theodore could not refrain from a compassionate smile, and Don Julian himself would prologue another hasty burst, by a frank avowal of shame for one that had preceded it.

"I should have known you any where by your enviable mildness," he said, kindly: "your friend de Roye never saw me in one of these fits of passion, without drawing me your portrait. But, on my soul, my heart is better than my temper! — if you displease me, I shall rail at you as I do at every thing that vexes me, from my mule to my prince; but when I recover my

senses, I shall know I have been in the wrong, and confess it."

"Your anger is not wrong just now," replied Theodore, smiling, "only it is quite useless, and that is all the argument I should urge against it."

The day had dawned some time, when he was saying this, and the sound of persons approaching the door, broke off Don Julian's answer. It was the commandant himself, accompanied by his attendants, and by an officer from Miravel.

The instant Don Julian was recognized respectfully by the latter, he broke out into no gentle *tirade* against the delay there had been in identifying him. The commandant apologized and lamented, and ran through all his reasons for believing him not to be Don Julian Casilio, protesting that he had sent off directly to Miravel, but that Colonel Hircar (who was the only officer in the garrison acquainted with his person,) was out on a foraging party, and did not return till the middle of the night.

"Well, sir," said Don Julian haughtily, "I shall make no representation against you, on my own account; but if I find this gentleman (turning to Theodore) has not been better treated, I shall think it my duty to have you removed from your situation. What have you done with the ivory box that was taken from him? Why has he not been called upon to witness its examination? It was your duty, sir, to have made such examination directly in his presence; and having ascertained that he was not a spy, permitted him to go on his business to the Condé Roncevalles. By the blessed Virgin, if but a single syllable be missing in one of his papers, I will carry the complaint myself to his sacred Majesty —"

"Nay, nay," cried Theodore, gently interrupting the torrent of his companion's anger, "do not take it for granted that any accident has happened to my papers. This gentleman has only acted as he believed right. I suppose it is better to be too cautious than not, in cases like ours."

The commandant immediately took shelter under the mildness of Theodore; and with more confidence than his awed manner at first promised, informed Don Julian, that not believing himself justified in examining the contents of the box found on a supposed spy, he had forwarded it to the general, Count D'Aguilar.

At this information, Don Julian rent the apartment with his exclamations of disappointment and vexation; but recovering himself at the repeated intreaties of Theodore, he asked the commandant to give him a proof of his regret for the culpable neglect and want of respect to himself, by releasing Theodore, and taking his word for his loyalty to Philip.

The commandant was either hurried or frightened into acquiescence; and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards, Theodore and his new friend were on their way to head-quarters.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING could exceed Theodore's admiration of the adventurous generosity of Don Julian. In thus pledging himself for a stranger, he was exposing himself to the chance of disgrace and future suspicion; for he had no proof of Theodore's being really the friend of Gaston de Roye. It was true, that the mode in which they became acquainted took away all motive for deception on Theodore's part, yet deception was possible; and Theodore, who had so lately had his heart chilled by disappointment in the characters he loved dearest, was penetrated with Don Julian's ardent benevolence and fearless confidence.

The moment Don Julian mounted his horse, his wrath disappeared. The certainty of being free to go in pursuit of what was of so much consequence to another, cleared his looks

at once. Such bright good-humour beamed over his whole countenance, and such joyous exhilaration was in the sound of his voice, that Theodore had some difficulty in believing that it was the same voice and face, which had not, an instant before, unsuccessfully imitated the thunder and lightning of heaven.

Assured that the contents of the casket would be safe in such hands as those of the Count D'Aguilar, Don Julian dismissed every fear for it; and though he continued to spur his poor steed without relaxation, he contrived to exhaust a variety of agreeable and enlivening subjects of discourse.

Theodore's spirits had risen with the prospect of regaining his treasures; and so animated was he by gratitude to Providence and Don Julian, that more than once a cheerful remark was chastized by a deep sigh; and something like remorse for being sensible to any pleasure when separated perhaps for ever from Ellesif, pierced his breast with an insufferable pang.

Yet what was his pleasure! — not treason against his love. The few hopes that still lingered round his soul were so entirely dependent upon the acquisition of power and title, that in pursuing his present object, he might have satisfied himself with thinking he was in pursuit of Ellesif herself.

Don Julian's reception at the head-quarters bore testimony to the reputation he enjoyed amongst his brothers in arms. The Count D'Aguilar had already received and examined Theodore's casket, and was on the point of returning it to the commandant, with instructions to return it to its owner, and to liberate him immediately, when Theodore himself was introduced.

The Count, having known Don Balthazar, was instantly struck by Theodore's resemblance to his father; he accompanied this observation by so warm an eulogium on Don Balthazar's character, that it made Theodore's face sparkle with pleasure.

After a short interval given to rest, refreshment, and conversation, the travellers took leave of the brave general, and resumed

their journey to Saragossa; for they had learned from D'Aguilar, that the Condé Roncevalles was there, in quality of his post, being one of the *Universal Despacho.*

During this part of their journey together, Don Julian had reason to remark that although his companion's temper was unalterable, his heart was sadly susceptible of agitation.

The expectation of seeing or hearing of Gaston de Roye was a source of great emotion; and many feelings Don Julian could not guess at, contributed to heighten to painful excess the deep interest Theodore naturally took in his possible reception by his grandfather.

Had he followed the habitual bent of his character, it is likely that he would have kept much of this anxiety to himself, and revolved in silence the best mode of securing the protection of his grandfather; but he felt that candour and confidence were due to the man who had taken so warm an interest in his welfare, and he therefore freely

discussed with Don Julian his future intentions.

After many plans of proceeding arranged, resolved upon, then dismissed for others, it was finally settled that Don Julian should take the liberty of intimate acquaintance with the Condé Roncevalles, and visit him without previous preparation, accompanied by Theodore.

However disinclined the Condé was to the persuasion of this being indeed the son of Balthazar, Casilio fancied it would be impossible for him to retain his prejudice, after conversing with his interesting grandson. In the very look of Theodore there was indeed "a prone and speechless dialect, such as moves men."

Conformable to this plan, the travellers no sooner reached Saragossa, than Don Julian left Theodore to compose his thoughts alone, while he hastened to go through the usual formalities of presenting himself to the war minister, and giving his report of the honorable treatment he had received at

Barcelona, through the mediation of the Chevalier de Roye.

In consequence of such report, Don Julian obtained the permission he earnestly solicited as the sole reward for all his military services, the permission of returning De Roye's kindness, by procuring him leave to go about on his parole, and by himself becoming responsible for the Chevalier's observance of its laws.

He brought back the intelligence of this fortunate grace, and the information that an order for their friend's release would be immediately forwarded to one of the fortresses in Castille. And as he told it to Theodore, with the vivacity of the most extravagant joy, the latter was powerfully struck by the nobleness of character which was evident in this anxiety to repay kindness with kindness.

That tincture of romance which was apparent in Don Julian's facility of believing every one worthy that he could by any means succour, was peculiarly delightful to

Theodore: it realized the proudest-days of Spanish chivalry; and as he looked admiringly on the dark yet bright aspect, the stately mien, and martial figure of his companion, he fancied he saw the prototype of those gallant Spaniards who appeared as the champions of a Moorish princess in the court of her royal accuser, and their deadliest foe.

Don Julian had not forgotten his promises to his fellow-prisoners in Salsona, and he did not suffer Theodore's interest to remain neglected: — he proposed their visit to the Condé Roncevalles, and with a strongly-throbbing heart, Theodore acceded to the proposal.

It was late in the evening of a January day, and though the winter was only perceptible by a little gloom, and a slight degree of frost, Theodore's extreme agitation made him shiver as if pierced with intense cold. The benevolent ardor of Don Julian, on the contrary, made his countenance glow like his feelings.

They traversed the streets of Saragossa almost in silence; for Theodore was too thoughtful for speech, and Don Julian delicately forbore to disturb his meditations.

As Saragossa was only an accidental residence of the Condé Roncevalles, he lodged in the house of an exiled grandee. Don Julian led the way to the square it stood in.

In one of the outward courts they passed a sumptuous equipage, remarkable for its cumbrous decorations, for the beauty and rich trappings of its mules, and the number and gilded liveries of its attendants.

"'Tis the Condé's," whispered Don Julian, quickening his steps, "I hope he is not going out."

At the top of the principal stair-case they met two of his pages, and immediately afterwards the Condé himself, leaning upon his master of the horse.

While Don Julian ran forward to salute him, Theodore drew back under the shade

of an arch on the landing-place, and looked at his grandfather.

He saw a tall and dignified person, with a severe, but very composed countenance; yet that composure seemed rather the result of a proud dislike of sympathy, than of inward peace. He was superbly drest, in a suit of black velvet, with the badges of various orders in diamonds upon his breast. His hat was in his hand, displaying a brow deeply furrowed, and hair quite white with age.

Instead of springing towards him, Theodore's heart sunk back. Where was the inviting sweetness, the welcoming graciousness, the soft command of Count Lauvenheilm's appearance? How different! how powerfully different! "No, I shall never again see any thing like him!" said Theodore inwardly, and sighing heavily.

The Condé, who was returning into his apartment with Don Julian, now courteously invited Theodore to accompany them. Don Julian slightly introduced him as one

that had been a fellow-prisoner with him, and motioning to Theodore to obey, proceeded with the Condé.

A very large and heavily-decorated room, dimly lighted by a few wax candles at one end, and not one at the other, afforded Theodore the means he wished for, of escaping observation, while he observed others. He was obliged to take off the large Spanish hat, that till now had covered his face; but the shade of a dark purple curtain, under which he sat down, supplied its place.

A spirited conversation then ensued between Don Julian and the Condé; the latter spoke with less fire than his younger associate, but with full as much irritability; and Theodore failed not to draw a bad omen of their future agreement, from the asperity with which the old Noble spoke of all the adherents of Charles.

Whenever Don Julian attempted to utter one liberal sentiment, in gratitude for the generous treatment he had received, or in

praise of the conduct of individuals, while lamenting their different politics, the Condé interrupted him with some remark indicative of a narrow and prejudiced mind.

The name of his refractory grandson was never mentioned; although that of the Marchioness Santa Clara escaped him, with the hope that she would soon be removed from the power of doing mischief. A decree had just been issued, banishing the families of every Spaniard who had followed, or borne arms for the Archduke; and it was hoped, that as some of the Marchioness's German relations were in the enemy's camp, she might be included in this list of proscription.

While the Condé was speaking, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a young lady, closely veiled, and covered with a black mantilla, appeared; she curtesied to the gentlemen, telling the Condé she was going to vespers; and crossing to the first entrance, left them again to themselves.

"My grandaughter, Donna Elvira

Haro," said the Condé: then resumed the conversation her entrance had interrupted.

Theodore nearly started from his seat, to follow and embrace his sister. His heart, so painfully repelled by the severe manners, and still harsher sentiments of his grandfather, melted at the sight of her departing figure. But she was gone, and he remained in such a confusion of thoughts, and with such an oppression of heart, as he had seldom known.

To feel so much for persons perfectly unknown to him, to feel emotions so new as well as violent, was in itself distressing. Incapable as he felt conscious he was, of being strongly moved to joy by any thing except Ellesif, how was it that he was yet so susceptible of pain from various other objects?

He could not answer the question to himself: and as he gazed round the large, sombre saloon, noted its cumbrous magnificence, remembered the pompous equipage he had passed in the court, then looked at

the gorgeous appearance of his grandfather, the contrast with all his past life was so striking, and so little pleasurable, that he could not check one of his heavy sighs.

"Were you long a prisoner, sir?" asked the Condé, directing his attention towards him. "May I enquire where you were taken?"

"I was travelling alone, my lord, and surprized by a foraging party," replied Theodore, scarcely able to breathe.

"Who was it that spoke?" exclaimed the Condé, starting on his feet, and looking round with the air of a person suddenly disordered in his intellects.

"I spoke, my lord," replied Theodore, involuntarily hastening towards him; "I did myself the honour of—"

He was again stopped by a vehement exclamation of the Condé's, for at that moment, as Theodore advanced, he came directly under the blaze of the only branch of lights that hung from the ceiling. His cloak was thrown half off his shoulder, dis-

playing nearly the whole of his perfect figure, and being without his hat, the complete contour of his head and neck was visible.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the Condé, still standing, yet supporting himself by the arm of the chair he had started from. He spoke in a tone of alarm, unmixed with kindness; yet Theodore could not resist one affectionate impulse: the only surviving parent of his father was now addressing him. Tenderness, awe, bitterness of spirit, nay, disregard of all his worldly expectations, overcame prudence, and unable to speak, he dropped upon one knee before the Condé, covering his gushing eyes with his hand, as he did so.

The silence of the next few moments was not even broken by Don Julian. At length, the Condé repeating his question in a steadier tone, added, "Your voice and countenance, young man, remind me of my son Balthazar. When I last saw him, it was in the posture I now see you. But he humbled himself too late, and my curse —

the curse of an offended father, was the last words he heard me utter. Heaven heard my prayer, and punished him for my sake."

Theodore was springing up, in horror and disgust; and had he done so, the inconsiderate action would have changed the colour of his destiny; but Don Julian divining his intention, forcibly held him down, while appearing to lean on his shoulder, and turned the tide of the Condé's feelings, by undertaking to explain the present scene.

A few words were sufficient to inform the Condé, that in the interesting person before him, he saw that young man of whom he had heard from Princess Ursini.

Though a natural hostility of temper made the Condé feel averse to acknowledge it, he was sensible to an agreeable surprize in the appearance of his grandson. That air of nobleness and gentleness united, which harmonized with the simple, yet fine contour of Theodore's face and figure, was peculiarly gratifying to the Condé, whose pride

demanded a look of nobility in his heir, and whose temper required mildness. He had expected something very different in the nursling of a peasant.

During a short space, he stood silently observing him, then receding rather than advancing, he said, "Rise, sir; the courts of Castille must decide upon the validity of the testimonials, Don Julian says you bring with you. If they pronounce in your favour, I cannot prevent your succession to the inheritance of Roncevalles; but my hearty acknowledgment of you must depend upon your own conduct. It must be the reverse of the person's you suppose to have been your father,—the reverse of that disobedient youth, whom till now I have been proud to consider as my heir. I am not well pleased with this first act. More respect was due to the Condé Roncevalles, than to intrude thus upon him, without warning or application. There is a want of decorum in surprizing a person of my age and station into unbecoming agitation."

Theodore was willing to believe that pride only made the Condé appear so repulsively unfeeling; and softened by that idea, he bent his head respectfully as he replied, "Pardon me, my lord, I see my fault. I have no apology to offer but the truth. My heart yearned for my kindred, and I could not endure to wait till the tedious forms of justice had substantiated my right to bear the noble name of Guevara."

Particularly pleased with the latter part of this address, and a little touched by the sensibility with which it was uttered, the Condé condescended to give his hand to Theodore. "If your spirit is as like that of the Guevaras as your face, you will know how to set a just value upon the illustrious race from which you imagine yourself descended. But I must be certain that you are indeed the offspring of my son. Where are the documents that testify it?"

"A casket containing many letters of my father's," answered Theodore, "and

some trinkets, is all I possess, with the legal attestations of persons in Norway, shewing that I am really the same person who was brought there a child by my first humble friend. I have one of the letters, and one of these depositions about me. Will your lordship allow me to take them out?"

He held his hand upon his breast, where they were placed. The Condé was gratified by this delicate care not to surprize his feelings a second time. "I am prepared to see them," he said. Theodore then drew out the papers, and his grandfather receiving them with an unsteady hand, turned his back while he examined them.

Neither pride, nor the most implacable resentment, could entirely steel a parent's heart against one sharp pang, as he traced the faded characters formed by the hand of a once-loved son, now "bedded in ocean." The Condé was again obliged to grasp the arm of his chair for support, while he pushed the paper back into Theodore's hand, without letting him see his face.

"I have not leisure," he said faulteringly, "to examine these papers now; restore them to the casket, and let me have them altogether at night. I would look at them alone: but perhaps you would not trust them in my possession."

"Not trust them with the Condé Roncevalles!" exclaimed Theodore. "Not trust them with a Spaniard!" echoed Don Julian.

The Conde's personal and national pride was gratified by both exclamations; and turning round to Theodore, with features again quite composed, though frightfully pale, he said, "I shall not be sorry, young man, to see your claims established. What is it you mean to do for that purpose?"

"I came to Spain, my lord," replied Theodore, "determined to make my first application to yourself; and if so fortunate as to be received by you, to be guided solely by your commands. There is a proud consciousness in my soul of deserving your kindness, and an inextinguishable desire of being acknowledged one of an illustrious race.

If the proofs of my authenticity do not go far enough to substantiate my claim on the patrimony of my family, might I but hope your lordship would avow me in the face of the world, from the internal evidence of my resemblance to my father, I should scarcely regret the loss of fortune. With the name and the blood of Guevara, I shall feel equal with the highest, and shall soon strike out for myself some honourable path to fortune."

The fire with which Theodore spoke transformed him, for the instant, into a different man. So sudden a blaze startled Don Julian, who had never till now seen him otherwise than sad, subdued, and self-restrained. So transported was he with his ardour, that he ran to embrace him, exclaiming, "I'll be sworn every drop of blood in your veins is true Castillian."

The Condé again surveyed his grandson with gratified pride. "You please me, sir," he said, "and I wish you may prove what you seem: let me have that casket to-

night, and to-morrow you shall hear from me; at present I have a visit to pay. Don Julian, have the goodness to pardon my dismissing you."

The Condé called for his servants, and a page from the anti-room came in to conduct them down stairs. A stately obeisance from the Condé, and profounder ones from his younger visitors, accompanied their "good-nights;" and having silently followed the page through the halls and the outer courts, they returned towards their home.

Don Julian challenged his companion's admiration of his self-command; protesting that nothing except the fear of injuring his interests could have enabled him to controul the wrath he felt at the Condé's cautious coldness.

Theodore confessed that he was occasionally shocked by the little shew of natural feeling in his grandfather, yet he hoped that, under his pride and formality, there was more sensibility than they imagined. "I longed to speak of my sister," he

added; "but I knew I could not do so, without an emotion that must have seemed monstrous to a man so bucklered by decorum. O Don Julian, you know not what an oppression there is here! (laying his hand on his breast;) this forced suppression of nature, so different, so very different to that I have been used to!" and at that moment Theodore not only thought of Aardal, but of the tender, imprudent Ellesif, whom no rules of society could bind to this punctilious monotony of conduct.

Her tender image softened his feelings; and his eyes, as full of her as were his thoughts, became suffused with tears. Let what would, rise to the surface of his heart, whether it were agitated into storm by other interests and other cares, still under all, in the depths of that constant heart, lay the remembrance of Ellesif.

Sadly doubtful of her excellence; fearful that she had either sacrificed his peace to the indulgence of a criminal vanity, or weakly resigned him to the unsupported

misrepresentations of others, still that doubt, that fear, were not certainties; and while it was possible to doubt, it was impossible to cease to love.

Don Julian had kindly offered to be the bearer of the casket, as it was probable the Condé might not wish to see his grandson again before he should send to summons him, and the casket was too valuable to be trusted to a servant.

Theodore accepted the friendly offer, and late at night Don Julian personally delivered the precious deposit into the hands of the Condé.

The next morning Theodore received a message from his grandfather, requesting he would visit him immediately, and come to the interview alone.

He found the Condé by himself, in the same large apartment in which he had first seen him. He was less richly dressed than at that time, and his countenance less constrained. Theodore could perceive then,

that he had been handsome. The casket stood open before him.

"Come forward, sir," he said, pointing to a seat near him; "I am glad you are alone. I have carefully examined the contents of this box, and I believe—." He hesitated; Theodore's soul hung on his lips. The Condé resumed: "I believe there is little doubt that you are the son of Don Balthazar, and of his wife Aurelia. If he had given you another mother, nothing of this would have occurred; but she is gone with him to her last account. He disobeyed a father; she broke her engagement with her Saviour; and both were punished. But I pray for Balthazar's soul daily; and ever since I heard of his wretched end, I have annually had five hundred masses said for his salvation.

Theodore shuddered to observe how little effect these religious acts had upon the inward man. The Condé went through a form of forgiveness, but remained as hard and mer-

ciless to his memory, as he had been implacable during his life.

"I thought, sir," he said, "that my mother had never been professed."

"No; but she was intended for the veil, and ought to have considered herself the spouse of God. Besides which, she was one of a family with which ours had not allied for centuries. In the 13th century a Duke of Montellano gave a Condé Roncevalles a blow, in the face of the whole court. It was an affront not all the blood of the Montellanos can ever wash out."

"Their blood flows then in my veins," said Theodore, with a sort of pensive playfulness, and gracefully bending his knee. "As a Montellano let me make a concession for the whole family. The insult was unmanly: without inquiring what was the provocation, I am ready to confess it was unworthy a gentleman."

The eyes of the Condé gleamed with sudden fire, while he embraced his grand-

son, with the assurance that this action should make him at least forget that he owed any part of his being to one of that hated race. He then proceeded to talk upon the direct object of their interview.

He stated his own incapacity to decide the important question; frankly confessing, that if his grandson Don Jasper, after being informed of Theodore's arrival, would break with the Marchioness, and resume his military rank under Philip, the Condé would feel bound in honour not to receive or acknowledge the man who was his competitor, till that person should be formally declared the lawful heir to the titles and estates of Roncevalles.

Ever inclined to look on the most favourable side of character, Theodore suffered himself to admire this hardy frankness of his grandfather. He thought it argued rectitude of soul; and that with such a love of truth, if that soul had great faults, they must rather be the effect of early prejudice than of natural obliquity.

A nature like his could not divine that the Condé scorned to disguise his intentions, only because he believed that whatever he thought or did, must command respect, and could not be censurable.

The Condé gave him clearly to understand that he meant to notify his appearance to Don Jasper, and observe what effect that had upon the young profligate's conduct; after which he would either take a decided part in favour of Theodore, or withdraw from him entirely till the legal decision was obtained.

He then turned his discourse upon the early habits of Theodore's life and education, and religious belief; not a little gratified that his grandson could converse fluently in his native language, and that he evinced a far wider information upon the laws and history of Spain than the Condé himself possessed.

Even in his most gracious moods, there was nothing in the Condé Roncevalles that tempted the heart into a momentary over-

flow. Theodore therefore briefly detailed the leading incidents of his life, without entering into a description of thoſe profound and active sentiments which gave theſe events all their importance.

On the subject of religion, it was fortunate that the Condé ſaw no medium between bigotry and infidelity; for hearing that Theodore had been brought up in the Catholic faith by Doſtrestom, who professed the ſame, he never inquired how far their creeds might differ from his own.

When Doſtrestom married, he was nominally a Lutheran, because it was the established religion of Denmark; but a sailor's life had not left him leisure for much knowledge of its peculiar doctrines; and his wife therefore found it no difficult task to awaken his mind to a livelier sense of a Providence and a future state, by the splendid ceremonies of the Romish church.

During his voyage home, in company with Don Balthazar and Donna Aurelia, he had seen them strictly observant of the same

religious worship, and diligent in habituating their little son to the same forms. He believed it his duty, therefore, when that child fell entirely under his care, to educate him in the faith of his parents; and Theodore had accordingly been brought up a Catholic.

The principles of Lutheranism in Norway have so many points of resemblance with those of Catholicism, that persons acquainted with both, can easily understand the possibility of a mind even as investigating as that of Theodore's remaining attached to the religious notions he had first imbibed.

The events of his life had naturally tended to confirm him in these principles; for the only person whose reasonings would have counterbalanced his respect for whatever Dofrestom instilled (the Professor Sergendal), was rather inclined to scepticism than to any species of belief; and the dearest part of the Lauvenheilm family was a Catholic like himself.

Ellesif had of course been brought up in

her mother's faith, and though it was indeed a faith founded on error in many doctrinal points, her practice was truly Christian, and her sentiments liberal. Her mother had been a friend of Bourdaloue's and of Fenelon's: she had imbibed gentleness and purity from the one, and the zeal of Christian imitation from the other. Her spirit was transfused into the breast of Ellesif; and Theodore, accustomed to converse with her upon sacred subjects, knew their religion only as it existed in each other's excellent hearts: never being made sensible of the lamentable intolerance, and alternate sin and penance, in which too many Catholics pass their lives.

Perhaps a feeling unknown to himself mixed with his belief that the church of Rome was the real church of Christ; it was a prejudice in favor of whatever opinion had been held by his parents, and by Ellesif: be it what it might, the effect was fortunate for his present peace and future prospects. Had he been educated in the reformed

religion, or led to adopt its doctrines, not all the temptations of rank and wealth, not all the terrors of the inquisition, nor all the persuasions of her he loved as dearly as his soul, would have terrified or allured him into a desertion of the truth.

He was now able to answer with a serene countenance, and a prompt mind, to the few questions of his grandfather, who was hurried into observing, that heaven had worked a miracle for their house, in thus ordering circumstances so as to lead his possible heir into the true faith, even amongst a land of heretics.

In this interview, Theodore ventured to express his wish of seeing his sister; but to this the Condé gravely objected, observing, that it would be an act of extreme indecorum to introduce Donna Elvira to a person whom she must welcome as a brother, yet who might hereafter be pronounced a stranger to their blood. Even this meeting, therefore, was to depend upon a tedious law-process, and Theodore saw with vexation,

that a long course of mortification and delay was before him. Patient and forbearing as he was, he was yet afraid that neither of these qualities would last through such an age of useless punctilio; and he found it necessary to fortify himself against possible irritation, by resignation to heaven's will, and respect for that of his grandfather. With these impressions he took leave of the Condé after a long audience, receiving his promise of being immediately informed of the issue of the projected attempt to rescue Don Jasper from a disgraceful connection.

As Theodore walked pensively homewards, one reflection perpetually intruded. The reflection that his grandfather had not made one tender remark upon the letters of Don Balthazar. He had confidently believed that no resentment could stand against such proofs of respect and duty in a son: for though suffering from his father's implacability, Don Balthazar never forgot the filial obligation to indulgence for parental failings, and gratitude for former kindness,

but mentioned his name with respect, and his severity with sorrow.

It was evident that this circumstance had softened the Condé's heart towards Theodore; but something more was wanting. Either a burst of tenderness to the memory of his amiable son, or a candid acknowledgment of error, in believing him utterly unworthy.

Neither of these appeared; and Theodore had again reason to think, that the future could never bestow on him a friend like the excellent Dofrestom.

He found Don Julian Casilio busily occupied in preparing for another campaign. He was just appointed to the command of a division under the Marquiss Bay; and as he was obliged to join immediately, hoped to encounter Gaston de Roye on his way.

Don Julian was in despair at leaving Theodore's affairs unsettled; and the only consolation he seemed capable of receiving for this mortification, was the liberty of execrating all forms, laws, and cold-blooded

grandfathers. Satisfied himself of Theodore's rights, he quarrelled with every one that required more than assertion upon the occasion, and scolded Theodore himself, because he was so tolerant to the prejudices of the persons he had to deal with.

But nothing could make Theodore unjust, even when his dearest interests and tenderest feelings were distressed by the conduct of another. He had accustomed himself to go back to men's motives, from their actions; and this salutary habit, often reconciled him to his very enemies.

He saw that the Condé Roncevalles was unwilling to shut the door of reconciliation upon his grandson Jasper; that his inclination for this young man made him averse to receive another in his place; and that all this was so natural, (though not justifiable,) that it was impossible for a man who did not expect perfection in his fellow-creatures to act as if hostility were determined against himself.

Although the Condé had declared his

intention of remaining quiescent while Theodore's claims were disputed in the courts, he had promised to receive him with all the honours due to his birth, whenever the cause should be decided in his favour.

Theodore repeated this to Don Julian, who, instead of making any gratifying remark, was on the point of bursting out into a just anathema against this specious neutrality. The Condé's influence was well known; and it could not be difficult to imagine how that would be exerted should Don Jasper regain his favour. Indeed, unless Theodore found powerful friends and inexhaustible funds, his suit must drop for want of means to carry it on; so that the Condé would in reality be able to preserve the inheritance to his favorite, without the odium of active opposition to the orphan of his eldest son. "What with sending to Norway, sending to Cuba perhaps, examining documents and witnesses," he exclaimed, "the suit may last out your life time; and

are you to remain so long, without a home —a stranger in the country of your father! —If the Guevaras are so ungracious, thank heaven no other Spaniards are like them! Your injuries are the injuries of the whole order of nobility, and we shall consider ourselves bound to make up their deficiencies. I must be absent with my regiment, so cannot perform the duties of hospitality in either of my houses; but there are two at your service and the Chevalier de Roye's, where you may live together, and do me the favour of employing a parcel of idle people and mules of mine, that are spoiling for want of use."

Penetrated with this generous kindness, Theodore could not forbear exclaiming, with a sigh and a smile together, "You will not allow me to quarrel with the world. In spite of myself, I must give way to new affections."

Don Julian gave him a cordial squeeze of the hand. "My house in Madrid," he said, "will just do for you, while you

have to attend the prosecution of your suit, as the king will certainly return there very soon; and my little villa in Navarre, will bring you close to Corella, where the Queen is but just returned. I shall make the same offer to the Chevalier; so he and you must settle about your residence together, or apart, as you please."

Theodore was somewhat reluctant to receive so much obligation from one he knew so little; yet he saw not how else he could continue the appearance necessary to command respect from the persons he must have transactions with; and he was sensible that his own slender finances would scarcely suffice for the commonest purposes of life.

Determining not to accept pecuniary assistance either from his friend De Roye, or his generous acquaintance Don Julian, he resolved rather to abandon his claims than to plunge them in a ruinous expence he might never be able to repay. If neither a memorial to the King nor to the grandees, demanding it as a right to have his claims

discussed by their body, should produce the effect of his suit being carried on at the royal cost, he determined to withdraw from the fruitless contest, and resign this hope, with all those dearer ones of which it was the root.

His naturally affectionate heart found no burthen in gratitude; a sentiment which gives birth to affection; but he was too just not to admit, that we ought firmly to reject those benefits which may injure the peace or prosperity of the obliger.

He now thanked Don Julian with noble humility, for all his kindness, accepting the temporary residence of his houses, as occasion might require, and charging him with a letter to his friend Gaston de Roye.

After Casilio's departure, Theodore was left singly to encounter all the anxieties of his situation; and they were many. Day succeeded to day, and he neither saw nor heard from the Condé Roncevalles. Entirely without society, he had leisure to tread back the thorny paths of his life, and

to sigh over those bright pleasures which angel's hands once planted around them. These were now withered; and their blasted beauties, gathered only by memory, served to form a maddening contrast with their former life and sweetness.

The further he advanced into the world, the more he became sensible that he should never again meet with such an assemblage of every thing that could delight his taste, satisfy his reason, and touch his heart, as what he had found in Ellesif and her father.

Don Julian had certainly gained his kindest regard; but it was not sympathy, it was not delight he caused. His heart was excellent, but his mind was sparingly cultivated; and his youth had been spent so entirely in prosperity, and amongst the same order of persons, that he was morally unable to comprehend one half of a character like Theodore's, which had been early matured by severe trials, and by perpetual vicissitudes of society and situation.

The Condé Roncevalles was evidently a

mass of punctilio, pride, and prejudice; and with the air of a man who believed himself almost entitled to worship, was profoundly ignorant. How was Theodore to hope for sympathy with him?

The Spanish ladies he knew as yet only by report; but if Don Julian's adventures described them accurately, they were at best only charming children, pettish, pretty, and playful;—and as little expected to share in the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, as the infants they reared.

Theodore thought with a sigh, that Ellesif, even shaded by the caprice, the facility of forgetting, or the timidity that had prompted her to abandon him, was perfection by comparison with women like these.

His heart still hung upon her; and there were times, when he contemplated the few memorials he possessed of her, and recalled the looks and circumstances which had accompanied these gifts, that he felt his confidence both in her truth and her constancy

renewed, and rapturously believed the future would at last re-unite them.

He thought often of her father; painfully calculating the probable consequences of the fatal scheme in which he had embarked his honour. If he had persisted in it, perhaps he was at this moment either a public and triumphant traitor, or perishing under the horrid sentence of the law.

Theodore's blood froze at the image; and could the spilling of all that blood have purchased pardon for his benefactor, for the father of Ellesif, joyfully would he have bared his breast to the sword.

Only from De Roye could he hope to obtain any information of Count Lauvenheilm. He therefore anticipated the sight of him with double impatience, frequently tempted to wait no longer upon the Condé's slow measures, but to quit Saragossa and go in search of his friend.

A letter from the Chevalier put an end to these projects. It was written on the way to Corella, where he was hastening to pay

his respects to the Princess Ursini; an attention she would expect from his grandmother's connection with her family, and one which might be highly beneficial to Theodore's interests if de Roye should succeed in getting her to espouse them.

His return to join Theodore, either at Saragossa or at Madrid, as circumstances might determine, would be guided solely by the answer of the latter.

The Chevalier expressed much eagerness to know the particulars of that cruel alienation from Count Lauvenheilm which Theodore had just mentioned in his letter by Don Julian; adding, that in consequence of his own imprisonment, and the state of Catalonia, all communication with his correspondents, either in Spain or abroad, had been wholly cut off, so that he was ignorant of whatever related to them.

This information was a bitter disappointment to Theodore, who had supported his wearisome state of suspense by the expectation of hearing from de Roye of his former

friends. Not only did he thus lose information of Ellesif, but news of persons whom he fancied more deserving his solicitude. Dofrestom's and Mr. Coperstad's letters were directed to be addressed to the care of the Chevalier, and they, of course, had shared the fate of the rest.

Many weeks must elapse before he could obtain an answer to those he had written to them, since his meeting with Don Julian Casilio.

Torn by anxiety for the event of Count Lauvenheilm's ambition, and with the apprehension that Heinreich's death might ere now have filled Aardal with mourning, Theodore found that even the heart most occupied by one unalterable regret has room for many others.

Ellesif was not the less fondly loved or profoundly lamented there; no image but her's agitated his soul; nay the very capacity of suffering seemed to increase with its wider exercise; each individual distress borrowed gloom from the others, and threw

over his whole mind such a hue of desolation as he had never known till now.

Happily for Theodore, he was not long suffered to brood over feelings like these: an unexpected event produced such a complete revolution in his circumstances, that it was not possible for his reflections to continue the same.

He was surprised by a summons from the Condé Roncevalles; and by the ceremonious respect of attendants and an equipage, to convey him to the interview.

CHAPTER V.

IN a glow of hope, faintly subdued by fear, Theodore obeyed the command, and was soon afterwards in his grandfather's presence.

The face of the Condé had not the portentousness of a gathering storm, but it certainly shewed that no moderate one had just subsided. He endeavoured to clear it with a studied smile, as making a motion for his grandson to advance, he leaned forward and embraced him.

"You have reason to rejoice, Don Theodore," he said; "your rebellious cousin has just given the last blow to my hopes of him. I renounce him,—I espouse your claims,—I acknowledge you as my heir, and I will myself carry your pretensions to the foot of the throne."

Theodore bent his knee in silence: he could not reply to a man who believed it possible for him to rejoice at the misconduct of another. This silence, with the cold kiss he fixed upon the hand of the Condé, would have explained his mental disgust to any other person; but the Condé rather coveted respect than affection, and he received both the salute and the silence as testimonies of reverence.

"Risé, Don Theodore!" he resumed; and as Theodore arose, he paused to note the gracefulness of his figure: "from this moment you must consider yourself the heir of the Condé Roncevalles, and act with the dignity becoming such a character."

"I have so often found my spirit painfully above my former situation," replied Theodore, smiling, "that I believe, my lord, there will be no task so easy to me as obedience on this subject."

"It is well where obedience is paid willingly," returned the Condé, severely; "but obedience at all times, and on every sub-

ject, is the duty of my grand-children. Your cousin has roused my wrath by disobedience. By a mutual friend I sent to him after your first appearance here,—I told him the terms upon which he might preserve my interest solely for himself: he temporized, he threatened, at last he had the audacity to ridicule my supposed credulity. Such temerity extracted from me the last letter I shall write to him; it was what the Condé Roncevalles ought to have written. He answered it—by marrying the Marchioness Santa Clara."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Theodore. The horror and amazement of his looks, which arose principally from the doubtful reputation of the Marchioness, were attributed by the Condé to indignation at Don Jasper's disobedience: he looked almost cordially upon him, as he resumed:

"Your countenance promises me a very different return for the favours I mean to lavish upon you. That rebellious boy shall see how I can reward as well as punish."

Thank the Saints, I have still that vengeance in my power! Take warning, Don Theodore, by the fate of your father, and by the penury to which I will reduce your cousin; and let me never have a third degrading marriage to disgrace and exasperate me."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Theodore, with modest firmness, though tears stood in his eyes; "but the Marchioness Santa Clara can bear no comparison with my mother: — my mother was virtuous, and of an illustrious race."

"Do you pretend to justify your father?"

Theodore did not shrink from the keen glance of his grandfather. "I do not justify him. If he were acquainted with your lordship's fixed aversion to the Montellanos, he ought to have broken off all intercourse with that family when he found his heart growing too much interested in one of them. This was his duty I confess: alas! which of us can pass through life

with the consciousness of never having violated a duty?"

Reason and tenderness rarely fail of producing some effect; the Condé was mollified by this candour. "Well, sir," he said, "you will bear in mind your own remark. I tell you that I will never suffer any further connection with that family. The moment I hear you have been with one of your mother's relatives, I renounce you. Give me your promise of disclaiming them."

Theodore drew back without answering.

"What! do you hesitate?" exclaimed the Condé; "take care, young man!"

"I never give a promise hastily," replied Theodore, somewhat proudly; "because I mean to keep every promise. I *do* promise, my lord."

That short pause had enabled Theodore to recollect that none of his mother's relations had showed her more kindness than her father's had done, except only that sister by whom Donna Elvira had been edu-

cated, and who Don Julian had told him was no more.

"I suspect you are not very manageable," observed the Condé, half pleased, and half awed by his firmness of principle. Theodore's countenance resumed its former sweetness, while he gently assured his grandfather, that gratitude for his present voluntary adoption of him, joined to an habitual sense of the duties of a son, would always secure his obedience even to commands the most adverse to his own wishes.

"Your lordship has a right to controul all my inclinations," he added: "my principles of course are only subordinate to Heaven."

The Condé did not quite understand this speech; but he fancied that it implied a devout submission to the rules of their holy church, and he was pleased therefore to express his perfect satisfaction with it.

He then proceeded to detail all the arrangements he intended to make for the

suitable appearance of Theodore, in the character of his presumptive heir. He meant to petition the King for permission to carry the cause before a junta of the principal grandees, empowered by his sacred Majesty to decide on the validity of the proofs he could bring in support of Theodore's claims.

In the meanwhile he hoped to obtain from the King some mark of public favour for his grandson, to ensure his honourable reception in society.

Filled with anger against his former idol, the Condé was more solicitous, through all this, to mortify him than to gratify Theodore. To this point each of his exertions tended; and as an estate in Aragon was enjoyed by Don Jasper in quality of heir, he felt that while he retained this, and believed himself certain of succeeding to the whole possessions, he would care little for the anger that could neither straiten his means at present nor injure them in the future.

If the claims of Theodore were substan-

tlated, this estate must immediately revert to him; but until then its revenues would be enjoyed by Don Jasper.

The Condé's master-stroke, therefore, was to obtain an order from the King for the sequestration of these revenues, to be held in trust for the rightful claimant, and delivered up when he should be declared.

It was fortunate for the present harmony between the grandfather and grandson, that the Condé did not mention this intention to Theodore, whose horror at such implacable revenge, and compassion for his faulty cousin, would have led into remonstrances, and an avowal of sentiments so different, that open war might perhaps have followed.

Luckily the Condé confined himself to an ostentatious display of what he meant to do for him himself; by that means only calling forth the thanks of Theodore. The latter once more urged his wish to see his sister: the Condé said they should meet at dinner, where he meant formally to present

him to a party of his relations and other distinguished nobles.

Theodore hesitated: "Surely, my lord, you must imagine that such a meeting will be very agitating. If I might have your permission to see my sister first alone —"

"You must learn to command yourself, Don Theodore," said the Condé; "that gravity of deportment which becomes a Spanish nobleman, should never be altered by any visible agitation. I see you have much to learn: and as I would not have you appear in a trifling light before my friends, I will send Donna Elvira to you now."

The Condé retired; leaving Theodore to a short review of their strange discourse.

"I have indeed much to learn!" he repeated to himself: "I thought I knew already all the variety of human character, but I was mistaken." He sunk into a reverie, during which he thought only of what he had found his grandfather, and what he might find his sister.

His most sanguine expectations could not lead him to hope that he should be delighted by any of those intellectual graces, which rare culture had added to the natural beauty of Ellesif's mind; but he fondly, confidently trusted that the daughter of Don Balthazar and Donna Aurelia, a creature that had been brought up in suffering and obligation, like himself, must at least possess the same opinions and feelings.

Some pleasing visions, connected with Gaston de Roye's lively prediction that his heart was reserved for Donna Elvira, mixed with Theodore's anxious imagination of his sister's character.

He could not help observing also, how easily the Condé had got over his scruples, by allowing an interview now which he had refused so lately. The same argument against the meeting of the brother and sister still held good; but at one time the Condé was cool and cautious, and now every other consideration was lost in the

evident desire of outraging Don Jasper by a marked espousal of Theodore's cause.

At length the light sound of a female step made him rise, and hastily advance towards the door: the next moment he receded, yet he knew not why.

Theodore heard the Condé pronounce the name of Donna Elvira, and felt himself embraced by her, without being able to recollect how he had himself received her, nor what was the first impression she made upon him. When he raised his head from her shoulder, he found the Condé had left them: he then gazed at her with an excess of tenderness, whilst holding her a little off with a tremulous grasp.

He was looking for the features of his mother: but though it was a handsome and sparkling countenance he saw, there was no resemblance in it to their parents. Still, she was his sister; the living relic of his lost parents; most likely the dearest tie he should now have in this world.

"My dear sister!" he exclaimed, "melt-

ing into tears; "do you permit me to call you so? Do you too acknowledge me?"

"The Condé tells me you are really my brother," replied Donna Elvira; "so of course I must think you so. I am very glad to see you are like my father's family. But why do you weep?"

"I fancy I have been so used to tears," said Theodore, colouring at his weakness, which his sister's moderate emotion made him believe one; "that I have no other way of shewing joy."

The oppression at his heart increased as he spoke, and moving to a short distance from her, he held his handkerchief to his eyes for some minutes.

Donna Elvira was silent the whole time; but remained looking at him with more surprize than interest.

When Theodore recovered himself, he returned to his sister, and taking her hand, sat down by her side. A pensive smile brightened his yet moistened eyes, and a sigh accompanied the gentle kiss he gave

the hand he had taken. He then proceeded to ask her several questions about her early years, and to answer the few she addressed to him.

He was grieved to hear that she had been the victim of caprice, if not neglect, in the family of her aunt; and that her marriage had not made her much happier, for Don Lewis Haro ruined himself by a passion for play, and broke their domestic peace by a captious temper.

Donna Elvira described her aunt's, her cousin's, and her husband's treatment, with such force of expression, that Theodore felt assured her sensibility was very keen, and that the smallness of the portion she displayed towards him, must arise from a secret apprehension that he was not really entitled to claim her as a sister.

Time, therefore, would obtain for him that tenderness of affection, without which his heart could find no satisfaction in domestic intercourse.

The return of the Condé (who had been called away by one of the King's household,) interrupted their short *tête á tête;* after which the party separated, to prepare for the reception of the visitors expected at dinner.

Theodore had been desired by his grandfather to remove into the same residence with himself; and the mayor-domo of his establishment had already allotted him an apartment.

Every thing in it was cumbrous and magnificent; nothing comfortable. The room was so large that it appeared only half furnished; the bed was high and gloomy; the hangings dark and dirty; the chairs were so heavy with gilding and carving, that Theodore had some difficulty in moving them; and whatever he wanted for use, he was obliged to ask for.

The cheerless grandeur by which he was now surrounded, formed a strong contrast to the cheerful neatness of his room at the

stone cottage; and yet more to the elegant apartment he called his own at the villa of Count Lauvenheilm.

"I must not remember any thing, I fear," he said to himself; "if I would be grateful as I ought for my present situation."

But in spite of this wise resolution, each succeeding day and hour forced on him the recollection of other times. Yet to superficial observers never had he been so much an object for envy; for he was speedily invested with all the exteriors of happiness.

Splendid company, servants, equipages, and an unlimited command of money, were amongst the agreeable novelties of his new rank. The King had lent a gracious ear to the representations of the Condé, and had not only empowered a certain number of nobles to decide between the two claimants, but had placed the Aragonese estate in the hands of trustees; and had permitted Theodore meanwhile to assume the arms and name of Guevara.

Though court etiquette would not allow the sovereign to admit into his presence a person whose rank was not legally ascertained, he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction with the documents the Condé had exposed to him, and to express his conviction that Theodore was the son of the late Don Balthazar.

This declaration procured that consideration for Theodore, which might perhaps have been withheld by the nobility, and he was immediately received by such as were in Saragossa with the distinction due to the heir of Roncevalles.

But in the midst of all this pomp, there was much to pain and little to glad the heart of Theodore. He was shocked to learn from a third person, that Don Jasper was really reduced to beggary by the act which sequestrated the estate in Aragon; he was constrained by the unmeaning formalities with which the Condé's ideas of dignity surrounded his most unimportant actions; he was wearied with the monotonous society

he daily mixed with; and he was disappointed in his sister. From suspecting her to be common-place, he grew to know she was unamiable. On every occasion where himself or others were concerned, she appeared utterly devoid of feeling; but the moment her own interests or inclinations were invaded, she suddenly displayed such active and selfish sensibility, that it convinced him she inherited the worst part of her grandfather's spirit.

Though she rarely broke out into violence, (susceptible as she was of injury,) a certain bitterness distilled from all her observations: she judged of characters and events with a hardness that shocked her brother: she was incredulous of every disinterested act, and ready to believe any story that tended to depreciate the conduct or motives of others.

Subservient, even to slavishness, to the Condé, her servants and her inferiors she treated with less consideration than she did domestic animals; and she ridiculed Theo-

dore's honourable feeling of man's original equality with poignant derision.

When they conversed of their parents, she spoke of their unhappy catastrophe with scarcely any emotion, while she failed not to censure her father's want of spirit in not breasting the Condé's anger, (seeing he must always enjoy the Aragonese estate, and ultimately succeed to every thing,) rather than flying from it to a distant country, and leaving her to be brought up, as if by charity.

After their first few interviews she never shewed any desire to learn the minutiæ of her brother's history. What the story of his heart had been from infancy to manhood, seemed to have no interest for her: and Theodore, who had till now fondly hoped to pour out his whole soul for the first time in his life, and into that of a sister, was obliged to confess with bitter sighs, that she would not understand either its joys or its sorrows.

A letter from Gaston de Roye renewed some pleasurable feelings. It was from Corella, where the Chevalier yet remained, by the advice of Princess Ursini, who assured him his journey to Saragossa would be fruitless, as the King was expected by the Queen at Corella; that of course the Condé Roncevalles would accompany him; and that consequently the Chevalier had better stay where he was.

De Roye gaily swore, that he had gained the Princess Ursini's heart at the first interview, for she had not only forgiven him in her own person for taking up arms against her master, but had promised to obtain for him the grace of their sacred majesties.

"As I am neither a native of Spain nor of France," added de Roye, with his usual levity; "Philip must be very much obliged to me, for giving my sanction to his kingly dignity. When we meet I will tell you why I sincerely think it right to declare for him, though I am too much attached to the Archduke's person ever to bear arms

against my former favourite. So by the time you arrive at Corella I hope, through the favour of the Princess and the Queen, to have the *entrée* of the court."

This information was welcome to Theodore, for the Condé had expressed such decided hostility to every adherent of the Archduke's, that Theodore forbore to mention the name of his friend de Roye, though he revolved not the less anxiously how to reconcile his determination of never giving up a friend to whom he owed so much, and his wish to shock the prejudices of the Condé as little as possible.

Theodore indeed found so many prejudices in his grandfather, that it would have been a chimerical attempt to have essayed conquering them all; he confined himself therefore to such as had the most influence upon the feelings of others.

Ever since his establishment under the roof of the Condé, he had felt the wish, rather than indulged the hope, of healing the breach between his grandfather and

cousin. Family dissensions were, in his opinion, dishonourable to all parties; and although Don Jasper had certainly merited severe chastisement for his profligate, shameless rebellion, there was a line to be drawn between punishment and utter ruin.

Many persons had assured him that the young man was now entirely dependent upon his mother's relations, who were not very willing to support him, and so pressed by his creditors that he knew not where to hide his head. That, in short, if the Condé persisted in denying him the common means of existence, he must of necessity throw himself into the arms of the opposite party.

Theodore made the most of this last argument, whenever he ventured to introduce the subject to the Condé; for he soon saw that no effect was to be produced by pity, nor a hope of winning repentance by mercy.

But the Condé's resentment was too keen to be quickly softened. At first he sternly inquired whether Theodore were mad, or

ignorant that if he were to be reconciled to Don Jasper, it would then be incumbent on him to provide for this grandson as liberally as the entail of his estates would allow, and that, consequently, the heir must suffer.

The language of people of the air could not have been lefs understood by the Condé than Theodore's noble and natural reply. A man that comprehended no action which was not prompted by pride, interest, or revenge, could not comprehend a heart, whose only errors arose from the excess or the misapplication of the gentler passions. Theodore resigned the hope of being understood, yet gently persisting in his intercessions, at length wrought upon the Condé to offer Don Jaſper the revenues of the Aragonese estate during his life-time, and a suitable provision at his death, provided he would come in person to ask his pardon, and to promise a perpetual separation from his wife.

This unqualified proposal produced a different effect from what Theodore wished to

produce, yet what he feared would happen. Don Jasper's obstinate resolution of believing Theodore a person set up to frighten him by a shew of claims that would not stand, or even wait investigation, was strengthened by this unsolicited act of grace. He knew his grandfather's unrelenting disposition too well to imagine that if he could set aside the rights of the grandson that had offended him, he would stoop to woo him back to obedience. He therefore returned a braving answer to this impolitic letter, treating the claims of Theodore with scorn, and threatening to cover the Condé himself with disgrace, by unveiling the whole transaction.

Backed by his mother's family, who were powerful at court, and eager to get the burthen of his support off their hands, he proclaimed himself confident of ultimate triumph.

All the wrath that he could not wreak on the insolent writer of this rash epistle, the Condé exhaled upon the blameless

Theodore. *His preposterous expectations, and wearying importunities, had betrayed him into an act that invited this insult. He was pretending to dictate and give laws to his grandfather: he was audaciously holding up his own fantastic notions of right and wrong in opposition to those of a grandee of Spain.*

In short, Theodore had nothing left but to bare his head to the storm while it raged over him.

Conscious of upright intentions, and too little attached to his grandfather to feel heart-struck by any injustice from him, he bore all his invectives with a serenity of submission that finally disarmed wrath.

But he had received a salutary lesson; and convinced that Don Jasper was a person who would not be saved—who would, on the contrary, sting the hand that succoured him, he forbore to plead his cause.

A few days afterwards, he heard that his headstrong cousin was arrested by a creditor on his road to Corella, where he was going to interest the Princess Ursini and the

Queen in the suit he meant to institute for the recovery of the Aragonese estate.

Theodore had the weakness of delighting in a noble revenge; and he lost not a moment in appropriating part of a large sum of money which his grandfather had presented to him, to the purpose of releasing his cousin.

The debt was paid, the prisoner set free, the benefactor unknown, and that very benefactor suspected by Don Jasper as the secret instigator of the alarming detention.

As Princess Ursini had foretold, the King removed with his suite from Saragossa, and went to enjoy the spring with his Queen in Navarre.

The country seat of the Roncevalles family lay within two miles of this favourite place; the Condé therefore determined to reside in his own house, and to visit the royal residence only when the duties of the *Despacho* required his presence.

The enchanting beauty of the surrounding country, and the romantic appearance

of the *Mirador* (for so the Condé's house was called), gave the first unmixed feeling of delight to Theodore. That delight was not connected either with former associations or with future hopes: it was solely produced by agreeable sensations.

From the principal windows of the Mirador, the observer looked over a wide stretch of country, diversified with woods, rivers, orange groves, and pastures enamelled with flowers.

Promontories crowned with monasteries, or antique fortifications falling into ruins, now and then started from the dark masses of the chesnut woods, catching the rays of the setting sun or rising moon, and forming interesting objects in the landscape.

On the lowlands, the tender green of the olive plantations, and the young corn, presented a lovely contrast with the darker shades of the walnut, the ever-green oak, and the wild pomegranate, which marked the enclosures; while every vale and hill glowed with some different colour, pro-

duced by the predominance of different wild flowers growing above the grass.

The neighbouring Pyrenees were seen in all their varied forms of picturesque wildness from every point of sight, resembling the Alps of Norway only in their height and their snowy peaks; but in all else, of verdure, variety, and beauty, transcending them as much as the visions of the poet, do the reveries of ordinary men.

The gardens of the Mirador had originally been laid out with some taste, and more attention to the formal rules of French gardening; but neglect had allowed nature to work alone for several seasons, and her magic hand gently removing every artificial restraint, left the thick trees to overhang the canals in a thousand picturesque forms; the walks to become tangled and irregular, by the luxuriant growth of the shrubs; and the cascades to fall over rocky steps, so overgrown with heaths, and so shaded by the mingled foliage of myrtles, aloes, and

tamarisks, that even fancy could not add a beauty to the scene.

The house itself was large and stately, with more light than is common to Spanish houses, and a greater degree of comfort.

The rich furniture was somewhat tarnished by time, and the old French hangings rather diminished the grandeur of the spacious saloons; but the principal rooms had decorations of so superior a kind, that the eye of taste forgot every other deficiency.

These decorations consisted in an extensive collection of family portraits, painted by the best artists of the age in which the originals had lived. Some of the finest works of Velasquez and Morillio were in this collection; and Theodore felt the exultation of birth when he looked round upon these memorials of ancestors, all of whom had enjoyed the highest offices of their country—most of whom had deserved them.

He loved to hear the old steward tell the romantic legends attached to the warriors of his family, and the instances of disinterestedness and talent which had been given by such as were statesmen.

These details were incentives to imitation; these details were the sources of that respect for illustrious ancestry, which is a blind prejudice only when it pays the same homage to inactive greatness as to active goodness.

Amongst the many interesting personages he saw thus represented on canvas, Theodore looked in vain for the portrait of his father. The steward told him that every picture of Don Balthazar had been removed to the house in Aragon, where the Condé had never been, since that unfortunate son inhabited it.

For the first time since his residence with the Condé, Theodore thought of one solemn event which would enable him to restore these valued portraits to their former situations; and he mentally vowed to do

so, whenever that event should make him master of the Mirador. Every thing he heard of his father convinced him that his memory deserved the utmost respect that filial concern could offer. Such of the old domestics and peasants as remembered Don Balthazar, in the may-day of life, spoke of his amiable qualities with fond regret. They strove who should display the most zeal in the service of his orphan; and Theodore, when surrounded by their blessings and attentions, felt he owed much of this affection to his personal resemblance to his father.

Immediately after their arrival at the Mirador, Theodore took advantage of his grandfather's necessity to present himself to the Queen, and prayed permission to visit the Chevalier de Roye. The Condé's severest frown accompanied the reply he made, (after persisting in silence, till his grandson had followed him to the very portico of the house.)

" I have told you, sir, that I dislike this

connection: the Chevalier de Roye is a heretic, and has served with the Austrians. I know not what services he has rendered you, that demand so much gratitude; at the risk of my displeasure too."

"His intentions were to serve me, my lord," replied Theodore, gently; "your unexpected goodness rendered any further attempts unnecessary: yet even now, he would have interested the Princess Ursini in my favour, had I not peremptorily forbidden him."

"You did right," returned the Condé, "that prohibition was due to my dignity. The Guevaras want no other interest with his sacred majesty, than their own sacrifices and services. I will speak to the Princess about this Frenchman; and if he has really renounced the Archduke, I may perhaps allow you to receive him. Till then, sir, I expect you to refrain from seeing him."

Theodore bowed somewhat proudly, and retired into the house. There were moments when he almost felt duty a humilia-

tion; when to submit in silence appeared betraying his principles. Yet to what purpose should he speak?

To reason with the Condé Roncevalles, was as idle an attempt as obliging the blind to see: the moral sense of the former was equally dark with the natural one of the sightless man.

Theodore had at first ventured to discuss every disputed point with his grandfather and sister; surprized that they had so few opinions in common with him, but far from imagining that neither of them could or would be enlightened.

He made this discovery by painful degrees; after which he ceased to urge sentiments that were ridiculed by Donna Elvira, and censured by the Condé; content to signify his dissent from opinions, by inflexible silence, and his refusal to act in conformity with their illiberal maxims, by perseverance in another course.

In all minor concerns he was as yielding as in this he was firm. Hateful as every species

of parade and useless pomp was to his simple and solitary habits, and dear as was his favourite pursuit of deep study, he steadily sacrificed these inclinations to his grandfather's. He therefore rarely appeared in public without a retinue of servants; and he deferred his period of study till midnight, that he might give all the day to the cultivation of mere bodily accomplishments, and to attendance on the sudden whims of his new relations.

Theodore smiled scornfully sometimes, when he was made more than usually sensible that he owed the Condé's consideration rather to his personal advantages than to the graces of his mind. All that had hitherto ennobled him in his own estimation, and had procured for him, under the roof of Count Lauvenheilm, respect and affection, was now a dead letter.

The haughty ignorance of the Condé made him consider each accidental display of extensive information as an insult to himself; and Donna Elvira had so long

fortified her own prejudices, by determining to rank talent amongst the attributes of the vulgar, that she considered her brother's variety of knowledge rather as a degrading proof that he had spent his youth in struggles with distress, than as an enviable distinction.

With such companions, therefore, Theodore was "walking in a vain shew," without one enjoyment for his heart or his understanding. Yet, now and then, he fancied his example rather than his remonstrances insensibly wrought some change in them; and this idea reconciled him to a life of such apparent inutility, and such real self-sacrifice.

The Condé returned from a long visit to the royal personages and their Favourite, in such good humour, and so convinced that the latter really *did* protect the Chevalier, that he condescended to tell Theodore, unasked, that he had his permission to visit the Chevalier de Roye next day, upon condition that he made a discreet use of this

indulgence, and visited him at distant intervals.

Theodore gave the promise, with as good a grace as he could assume; and the following morning went to see his friend.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Chevalier's residence was the villa of Don Julian Casilio, a pretty place, within a walk of Corella, on the Pampeluna road.

As Theodore proceeded to this long-desired meeting, he thought over so much of the period in which he first knew de Roye, that the sadness of his recollections entirely displaced the joyful anticipation of seeing one whom he had never yet seen without delight. He therefore entered the room where de Roye was standing, with an expression of such deep melancholy in his countenance, that the momentary flash of joy only left it in darker gloom.

The ever-gay Chevalier ran to embrace him, pouring out as he did so, an absolute deluge of congratulations, questions, and remarks.

Theodore, though affectionately alive to such kindness, answered incoherently; for the sight of a face he had last seen by the side of Ellesif, roused such a throng of agonizing regrets, that for a few moments he believed a struggle against them was above his strength. "Why, man, this changing cheek of yours, and these unsteady hands, are not in character with happiness!" exclaimed the Chevalier, with more commiseration in his heart than in his manner.

Theodore pressed his hand, and tried to make up for his silence by a faint smile. De Roye looked stedfastly at him for an instant, then returning his squeeze of the hand, said kindly, "I never pry into any man's heart, for I am not over fond of having my own stared at; but if I can serve you in any thing, I expect you will command me, Guevara: if not, I don't want to make either myself or you miserable, by a useless detail of grievances."

Theodore was too much oppressed, and

always too averse to discover what peculiarly interested him, not to take advantage of this permission to master his feelings by silence; he therefore answered de Roye principally by an expressive glance, while (for the sake of entirely changing the subject), he proceeded to ask if his friend were indeed a convert to the rights of Philip.

"His original right, if that is what you mean, I deny still," returned de Roye; "for I think the renunciation of the Infanta was binding on her descendants; and Charles II.'s will goes for nothing. Kingdoms are not to be transferred like vineyards."

"Then I suppose you place his right as I do," said Theodore, (yet scarcely knowing what he said,) "upon the choice of the people."

"Exactly!" returned de Roye, "I was brought up on the knees of half the patriots by whom the Prince of Orange was called to the British throne, and I am consequently very far from thinking that the voice of the

nation does not decide between two claimants for a crown. When I accompanied the Archduke, in his triumphant march from Barcelona, through Castille, and when I witnessed his entry into Madrid, the illusion I had made to myself vanished like smoke. The whole population of the country was either following Philip, or fighting for him. I saw that scarcely a Spaniard, except the Catalans, wished the success of Charles; and since being a prisoner, I have heard so much more of the general sentiment, that I really have from my heart asked grace for my transgressions."

"No one can suspect you of any interested views," returned Theodore, "except perhaps for my sake: but again I charge you, dear Gaston, leave my cause to justice, and my grandfather; do not ask any thing for me, from Princess Ursini."

"Why, what is your aversion to the Camerara Mayor?" exclaimed de Roye: "I can tell you, that for her age she is the prettiest woman in Spain, and except the

Queen, the most agreeable. To be sure, she is so admirably adroit at assuming the character of any person she addresses, that one is at a loss to know what her own character is. However, I believe it is naturally good and kind; and that her vanity is less flattered by the consciousness of governing every thing here, than her heart gratified by the certainty of directing them to what is best for Spain. But why do you shrink from her friendship?"

A painful glow covered the face of Theodore. "Because she is the relation of Count Lauvenheilm's first wife," he replied, "and since he and I have parted in mutual dissatisfaction, I would avoid obligation from any one connected with him. You must not ask me any questions, my dear friend, about this separation. I sincerely pray that you may never have the means of guessing at the cause. This weakness that I am ashamed of shewing, must convince you that it was not wished on my part; at least, not till —" He broke off, and turned

away, afraid of being betrayed into saying more than he ought.

"Your riddle might vex a curious man," replied de Roye, gaily, "but I won't try to guess it, since you pray to the contrary. I must, however, give you a piece of advice by the way: take care to get your heart in disposeable order, against your grandfather asks for it, to give it away; for I'll stake my existence, he'll be for marrying you as soon as ever you are legally named his heir, to secure against another clandestine marriage."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Theodore, turning pale.

"Amen!" added the Chevalier, with mock gravity. "Seriously, Guevara, I hope you have formed no engagement in Denmark, that will be an obstacle to your obliging your grandfather on this point? So long as you choose out of rich and noble houses, not at enmity with his, I daresay, the Condé would allow you to please yourself."

"No, I can never oblige him on this point," cried Theodore, vehemently; "if he will but let me live without marrying, I will promise — Oh, there needs no promise."

"Why what the deuce!" cried de Roye, "have you only come here to cut off the race of the Guevaras in your own person! Not marry! What "die, and leave the world no copy!" Pooh, pooh! your quarrel with the Count will be made up, take my word for it, and you will marry Ellesif."

Such a shiver of agony ran through the veins of Theodore, at this vain prophecy, that de Roye started. "I have inconsiderately pained you," he said; "pray pardon me; I would not have said this, had I not been quite sure that Ellesif was attached to you, and that the Count values you too sincerely to be long at variance with you."

"O do not think so; do not tell me so, de Roye," exclaimed Theodore, rising in disorder, and putting his hand to his fore-

head. "Both, both have disappointed me!"

"Then the devil take every thing that bears the shape of woman!" exclaimed de Roye.

I have no right to complain," resumed Theodore; "she, perhaps, thought that such presumption as mine was impossible; so the sweetness that beguiled me was not coquetry, not even pity." He stopped, and again became paler than before; but hastily recovering himself, added, "Be it how it will, whether she had loved me or scorned me, what has passed could not have been prevented, and after that, her father's consent was hopeless. No, no, let us talk of that no more."

"Let us talk of your sister, then," replied de Roye, endeavouring to speak gaily. "You remember my heart is vowed to her; yet if she is like the rest of her deceitful sex—"

"Better trust none of them," observed Theodore, with a repressed sigh.

"O faith, after all," cried de Roye, "an agreeable deceit is no bad substitute for a common-place truth; so if your sister is pretty and pleasant, and at all like your autumn-leaf-looking self, I'll think of her."

"I hope you will not think her in the least like an autumnal leaf," replied Theodore, languidly; "she is certainly handsome, but I believe you had better trust to your own observations upon her mind as well as her person."

"My dear Guevara!" exclaimed the Chevalier, earnestly, "can that excellent heart of yours feel only one sentiment?"

"Alas! every sentiment that brings joy or sorrow to the human heart," returned Theodore, (sensible to the amiable reproach of his friend's eyes and voice,) "but you forget that I scarcely know my sister yet; and that I have but just received a sad warning, never again to judge hastily of any one. I confess to you, that I do not yet understand Elvira."

De Roye fell into a few moments reverie, then recovering himself, with a smile, said,

"I see I shall grow wise by your experience, so prithee never fail to impart it to me. And now let me ask if I may visit you at the Mirador, and be admitted to breathe the same air with your grim grandfather, who, by the way, is, I am told, the most disagreeable personage extant."

Theodore in his reply endeavoured to mix candour with respect, and the natural desire of concealing the faults of our kindred; while De Roye, with penetration to discover all the other thought he concealed, had the dexterity to appear convinced that the Condé was much more amiable than he allowed people to think him.

The next topic of discourse was Don Julian Casilio, in whose praises each of them joined without reservation or distrust; and Theodore was rejoiced to hear that their mutual kind friend was in high favour with the generalissimo, and spoken of at court as one of the most gallant officers in the field.

From persons and events in Spain, the

conversation insensibly changed its scene to Norway, and although each of them intended to confine it solely to Theodore's early friends at Aardal, they found themselves now and then in the midst of the dangerous remembrances connected with Count Lauvenheilm.

De Roye expressed some surprize that no communication whatever from any of the family had reached him since Theodore's departure from them, adding, that the Princess Ursini, of whom he had made an enquiry, expressed the same surprize on her own account, not having received a letter from her young kinswoman of a later date than five months back.

"So long!" exclaimed Theodore; and as he spoke, a crowd of horrors rushed through his mind. Perhaps Count Lauvenheilm's conspiracy had been detailed, and he had either been silently put to death, or had fallen by his own hand, in a fit of frantic desperation.

What then had become of Ellesif! of

Ellesif, so fondly attached to her father, so tremblingly alive to dishonour? De Roye saw so much agony in his countenance, that he falsely imagined Theodore knew what he had not chosen to mention, and imprudently added, "Oh! then you know it."

"Know what?" cried Theodore, grasping his arm and looking anxiously in his face.

"Her illness," returned de Roye, still thinking he thought of Ellesif; "but Madame Ursini concludes she is better."

"In the name of Heaven what do you mean?" cried Theodore, hurried out of himself: "you bewilder me, de Roye. My head is not quite clear just now:—who was ill?—Ellesif!—when was this?—Where was she?—What had happened to make her ill?"

"On my life, I know nothing more," returned the Chevalier, kindly constraining the wild gestures of his friend, and not able to guess why he was thus strangely affect-

ed; "Calm yourself, Guevara, and let me explain myself, as you don't seem to understand me. When Ellesif wrote last to Madame Ursini she was ill, and going with her sister for change of air into Sleswick: her letter was very short and low-spirited; and since then the Princess has not heard from any of them." De Roye did not chuse to add that he suspected the Princess had received accounts either of them or from them, which she did not like to mention.

"Great God! then all my forebodings are true!" exclaimed Theodore, sitting down as if suddenly unnerved.

"What forebodings?" asked the Chevalier.

"Do not ask me," said Theodore, hastily recollecting himself. "I cannot tell you all I fear. But Ellesif ill, — she that I left in such blooming health? This is an unexpected blow!"

"And did you not know it?" asked de Roye. "I thought by your counte-

nance you did, or I should not have spoken of it; indiscreet blunderer that I am! But had she been worse, had anything more afflicting happened, Madame Ursini must have heard it from their mutual relations in France."

"Speak to Princess Ursini again about this letter, I pray you, de Roye," said Theodore, recovering from his confusion of spirits, with some embarrassment; "bring me certain tidings of Ellesif and her father; and after that, when I know they are safe — that they are both in life — I will try to forget persons that have forgotten me."

Theodore said this with such bitterness of grief in his countenance and voice, that the amiable de Roye's looks reflected their expression. "If it is as you tell me," he said, "that Ellesif does *not* care for you, it is better never to speak of her. Yet I could have sworn — but no matter. I give you my word, however, that whenever I

hear any thing particular of that family, I will impart it to you."

"My best friend!" exclaimed Theodore, pressing his hand: he stood for a few moments still holding that hand in his, then forcibly conquering himself, he turned to another subject.

In the course of the succeeding desultory conversation, Theodore saw that his friend's lively spirits were yet untamed: every object that fell short of interesting, amused him, and furnished him with the means of amusing others. His descriptions of persons and places were as whimsical as ever; and his caricature account of the solemn fopperies and petrifying ceremonials of the Spanish court, were given with the same acute spirit of good-humoured ridicule which had so often, at the villa of Count Lauvenheilm, betrayed Theodore into participation. But she was absent whose animated share in every gay discourse bestowed a charm upon each;—she was absent whose benevolent temper never

allowed her keen perception of the ridiculous, to appear but in her eyes, yet who with one glance of those eyes could convey more amusing archness than the tongue of a Beatrice ever uttered; she was absent without whom mirth was either folly or madness; and Theodore was the sadder for the gaiety of De Roye.

Though he would not check his friend's vivacity by any display of that torture under which his own soul was writhing, he could not restore himself to the composure even of melancholy.

Ellesif ill, perhaps dying, perhaps dead, was the stationary idea of his mind; and frequently in replying to the Chevalier, he uttered words quite foreign to their discourse.

A person more habituated to believe the suggestions of imagination in opposition to the evidence of facts, might have given Ellesif's illness a flattering cause; they might have fancied it arose from struggling against affection in obedience to the com-

mand of her father. But the season of self-delusion was over with Theodore; he could not forget that she had returned his last remembrance without one line, that Love might have interpreted into consolation or hope.

In short, had Ellesif's happiness really depended upon him, without infringing the laws of feminine delicacy, she would at least have sought to hear from Gaston de Roye the particulars of his present situation: she had not done so, and he was forced, therefore, to admit that while he still thought of her with an interest that excluded nearly every other, he could not soothe the pangs of absence by the conviction that their spirits were undivided.

Gaston de Roye had the prospect of being soon exchanged; but he professed his intention of remaining awhile longer in Spain, for the purpose of seeing the country and the people, and witnessing the final establishment of Theodore in his rights. While he promised himself many months'

enjoyment of his friend's society, he bade the latter beware of his cousin Don Jasper, who was now in Corella, very ill received by the King and Queen, and breathing nothing but vengeance against the usurper of his birth-right.

The entrance of visitors at this moment gave Theodore an excuse for leaving his friend; and so powerfully was his heart oppressed by what had past, that he seized it with a gladness for which he reproached himself.

Having dismissed his attendants in the court-yard of Don Julian's house, he crossed some vineyards and entered a wood of cork trees, that led back to Corella. His arms folded in his cloak, and his head bent down, he traversed the lonely and romantic road which every now and then sloped into deep dells, where the thick umbrage preserved the darkness of midnight.

Slowly proceeding in this melancholy posture, he did not perceive that any one was meeting him, till in the gloomiest part

of one of the wood-paths, he found his way blocked up; and raising his head, saw three gentlemen standing so as to intercept his progress.

"Allow me to pass, gentlemen," he said courteously, and making a motion to do so.

"No, Sir, I will give way to *you*, no where."

The furious scorn with which this was said, and the expression itself, instantly made Theodore conjecture that the speaker must be his enraged cousin. He drew back to consider how he ought to act, and deciding the next moment, said, "You must permit me to pass, gentlemen. My way leads through Corella."

The serious dignity of his manner moved Don Jasper's companions to step aside, and Theodore then remarked that he had frequently seen one of them before, in the Alameda at Saragossa. He was passing through the opening they made for him, with a bow and a thanking smile, when Don Jas-

per fiercely pushing him back, pulled his associates into their former situation, exclaiming,

"What, are you to be brow-beat by an impostor?"

"Who is this madman?" asked Theodore sternly, turning to the gentleman of Saragossa.

"Don Jasper Guevara," cried Don Jasper himself, inflamed with passion; "and you the vile puppet of a dotard that would rob me of my rights by lies and perjuries."

Theodore's eyes flashed lightning at this speech, and he struck the hilt of his sword with such violence as he clutched it, that the echoes of that solitary place returned the sound with startling distinctness. It was the frailty of an instant; he recovered himself with admirable self-command, and returning his half-drawn sword into its sheath, said calmly, "Your unhappy situation, and my own principles, are your protection, sir."

"Ha! the coward, I could have sworn him!" exclaimed Don Jasper, with an exulting shout; "but you shall not escape me, villain — base, low-born villain!" As he spoke he made a hasty lunge at Theodore with his sword, in spite of his companions' exclamations against the ungenerous act; and reaching him ere he was prepared, had the savage joy of seeing the blade enter his side.

Attack was now self-defence; Theodore drew; and having fortunately practised fencing with peculiar success since his residence with the Condé, was more than a match for his frantic opponent. In less than a second he had disarmed his cousin, and before the other gentlemen could interfere had returned him his sword. Putting his handkerchief to his side, which now streamed with blood, he said mildly, "You will, I hope, cease to consider me as a coward, Don Jasper; and, I trust, the legal examination of my claims will prove

to you that I am not an impostor. Good morning."

He attempted to move forward, but after proceeding a few paces, was obliged to rest against a tree, while he stanched his wound afresh with the end of his cloak.

As he did so, he observed that Don Jasper was still standing where he had left him, hotly contending with one of his companions, who was evidently trying to detain him from following his cousin with new insults.

The other gentleman seeing Theodore stagger, ran forward, and approaching with expressions of concern, and admiration of his conduct, offered to conduct him to the nearest habitation.

Theodore thankfully accepted the offer; for though his wound was not in a vital part, it bled profusely; and the sultriness of the day added to his weakness from loss of blood. He therefore took the stranger's arm, and slowly proceeded with him, to a vine-dresser's house at the end of the wood.

Proper assistance was then sent for, and a messenger dispatched for the Chevalier de Roye.

Meanwhile, the gentleman who had conducted Theodore to the vine-dresser's, having apologized for having unintentionally roused Don Jasper's wrath by naming Theodore as he approached in the wood, took his leave, being anxious to know the issue of the dispute in which he had left Don Jasper engaged with his companion.

Theodore's wound was much slighter than the sickness and great effusion of blood led him at first to suppose; and by the time de Roye arrived, pale and alarmed, he was re-dressed, and ready to return in a carriage to the Mirador.

After a brief detail of what had passed, and a few kind reproaches from his friend for not attending to the warning he gave, Theodore got into the coach of Don Julian, and proceeded homewards.

When they were within a short distance of the house, the Chevalier got out, with

the intention of preparing the Condé for the bandaged side, and pallid appearance of his grandson. He was lucky enough to find him alone; and having detailed the particulars of his friend's rencontre with Don Jasper, and suffered no delicacy to restrain his animated expressions against the baseness of attacking a man who nobly refused hostility, the Condé found their sentiments so congenial just on that point, that he forgot to censure his grandson for having deputed a heretic and a foreigner to be the bearer of his message.

It seemed impossible for the fiend of ill-humour himself, to find out any thing in the conduct of Theodore upon this occasion to quarrel with; but the Condé actually discovered so great a fault in the circumstances of his walking on foot and unattended, from a distant visit, that he scarcely noticed the dignity and temper with which he had baffled insult.

He was however roused to declare, that this outrage of Don Jasper's should stimu-

late him to more activity than ever, in the suit that was to punish his audacity; and he would have gone immediately to the King, to solicit the imprisonment of his grandson, had not the entreaties of Theodore for more lenient treatment, and the address with which de Roye represented the interpretations to which such severity might be liable, induced the Condé to pause.

By leaving Don Jasper still at liberty, it would prove to all Spain, that the heir of the Condé Roncevalles disdained to owe his safety to any thing but his own conduct; and that so far from dreading exertions tending to investigate his claims, both he and the Condé were proud to leave the opposite claimant every facility for that purpose.

To avoid the possibility of a second attack, Theodore consented to remain at Corella while his attendance could be dispensed with at Madrid. The business was already in the courts, and the Condé, as claiming for his elder grandson, in opposition

to Don Jasper, was determined to repair thither immediately. Don Jasper must also attend the courts, and could not therefore have an opportunity of again insulting his cousin if he remained at a distance from the capital.

Theodore had too just an abhorrence of family broils, and too delicate a sense of personal honour, not to promise implicit obedience to this most welcome of his grandfather's commands; and as Gaston de Roye enforced its propriety with all the eloquence inspired by the hope of having his friend's society untramelled by that of his forbidding relations, the Condé was again pleased with his share in the discussion.

Donna Elvira had been summoned to behold the effects of her cousin's violence in the person of her wounded brother, and in five minutes destroyed the illusion of de Roye's fancy.

Like most lively men, the Chevalier thought nothing charming in a woman except softness and sensibility; he was there-

fore far from admiring the composure of mind evinced by Donna Elvira, when by a sudden movement Theodore's wound opened afresh. He could have forgiven any woman a fainting fit at the sight of blood; and considering the tender relationship of Donna Elvira to the sufferer, he expected at least tears and terror.

Neither of these appeared; and the fair widow, with half the concern in her countenance that Ellesif's would have expressed for a suffering animal, stood inactive, while de Roye assisted Theodore's servant to lead him to his room.

Medical assistance was again summoned, and Theodore enjoined to lie on a couch for a few days. The Condé could not refuse de Roye's earnest petition for leave to pass the remainder of the day in his friend's chamber; and sustained by his presence, Theodore endeavoured to withdraw his thoughts from the fearful apprehensions for Count Lauvenheilm and his daughter, which

the assault of Don Jasper had but transiently suspended.

The Chevalier de Roye was thus forced by circumstances over which neither he nor Theodore had any controul, upon the civility of the Condé Roncevalles; and both of them were agreeably surprized to find that no further opposition was made to his visits.

Where opposition does not proceed from principle, it frequently ceases with as little reason as there was for its commencement; and we suddenly feel ourselves as much indebted to caprice, as we were before tormented by it.

Gaston de Roye had the happy talent of instantaneously divining the particularities of the persons he became acquainted with, and the art of using them without meanness, in the furtherance of his own desires. From some accidental circumstances during his first interview with the Condé and his grandaughter, he saw that they loved gifts, and he as quickly found out what sort

of offerings would give them the most pleasure.

It is certain that neither the Condé nor Donna Elvira, condescended often to thank him for the elegant luxuries and rarities he sent to them; and Theodore was shocked to observe that they neither expressed gratitude for kindness, nor uneasiness under officious obligation. But de Roye had gained all he sought, when he succeeded in getting his visits tolerated for the sake of the presents he brought with him; and he jested at his friend's serious remonstrances against bestowing so much upon persons who took what he gave with the air of despising not only his gifts, but himself. "Pshaw! my dear fellow," cried de Roye, "they almost ask, and I promise—and my promises, you know, are like Adonis' gardens,

'Which one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.'

But do you think I want either your family's affection or thanks!—I wish only to be able

to visit you whenever I like, without the disagreeable consciousness of leaving you to fight a battle for me, every time I go out of the Mirador."

"And what must I suppose you think of my grandfather and sister?" asked Theodore, lowering his eyes with a look of concern.

"That they are not exactly like yourself," replied de Roye, with amiable levity. "Don't you think I have seen a score of such characters in my time? Believe me, my dear Guevara, it is only in fairy tales that we hear of magnificent Abdallahs, of princes and peers giving magnificently. In real, every day life, the higher the rank, the less is given, and the more received; and the lowly fool that imagines he obliges his superior, when he lays some beautiful rarity at his feet, is as great an idiot as yourself at this moment, when you are forgetting that I do but pay *tribute*.

"It distresses me, however," replied Theodore gently; "I yet preserve the vul-

gar notion of expecting gratitude for kindness or attention; (sensibility to them, is rather what I mean;) and it wounds me more than I can express to see that you are not a whit the less haughtily treated, for all the presents you offer and they accept. Pray oblige me, and give no more."

"'I'll give thee my bluest veins to kiss,' if you will let me have my own way," cried the light-hearted Chevalier. Theodore smiled at the ridiculous application of this quotation, accusing de Roye of knowing no author in the world save Shakespeare.

"And if I did not, what should I lose?" retorted his lively antagonist; "for in that God of poets, all that is good, and wise, and fair, in every other writer, is summed up;" and seizing the opportunity of turning the discourse from the subject they had last discussed, and from the chance of returning to the theme that had agitated Theodore in their first interview, de Roye continued to rattle on upon the genius of Shakespeare, with such a mixture of good sense and ab-

surdity, of sublime sentiments and familiar language, that he fairly hurried his companion from his gloomiest thoughts.

Theodore's wound was attended with much fever, so that he was many days confined to his sopha, and several more before he was allowed to walk out beyond the dew-dropping groves of the shady gardens.

The Condé was still detained at Corella by business with the King; though Don Jasper had set out for Madrid accompanied by his maternal uncle, with the determination of extorting what they called, and most likely believed to be justice, from the courts of Castille.

The evening of a day de Roye had spent with his friend, during his indisposition, was far advanced, and the Condé had gone and returned from Corella, when a message from the latter, requesting the Chevalier's attendance in his closet, surprized rather than gratified him.

He was absent nearly an hour; and when he returned his countenance had so unusual

an expression of something beyond seriousness, that Theodore, with the apprehensiveness of a lover to whom there is only one object in the world, fancying some evil had befallen Ellesif, and forgetting that his grandfather scarcely knew her very name, started from the couch on which he was resting, and inquired what had happened.

De Roye communicated the disagreeable tidings he brought with as much discretion as possible; and Theodore learned by degrees, that his hot-headed cousin had fallen a victim to his own intemperate passions.

In consequence of a dispute with a gentleman he had met on his way to Madrid, who had spoken of his cousin in his presence by the name of Don Theodore Guevara, he had insulted him so grossly, that a challenge had been given, a duel fought, and Don Jasper killed.

The Condé Roncevalles had just received this account from Don Jasper's surgeon, and though far from feeling it in all its horrors, was yet moved to a degree of which

de Roye had hitherto believed him incapable.

The readiness with which the latter undertook to break the matter to Theodore, left the Condé time to consider what part he should publicly take on this occasion; and he decided that it would be more suitable to his dignity to persevere in treating the Marchioness Santa Clara as a stranger to his family, than even to purchase her absence from Spain by a liberal dowry.

No intreaties afterwards from Theodore, nor cautious suggestions of the Chevalier, succeeded to shake his resolution of persisting to act as if Don Jasper were really an alien to his blood. He left the charge and order of his obsequies solely to the misguided young man's maternal relations, and allowed his grandson to assume mourning only after a remark of the Queen's had convinced him the court would be scandalized by the indecorum of doing otherwise.

Theodore could not be said to regret his cousin, but the shock of so sudden a ca-

tastrophe, and the distressing thought of being innocently the cause of his death, cost him many wretched moments.

The Condé was so habituated to mask his heart with a composure that often bordered on the ridiculous, (though his temper was seldom bridled by it,) that Theodore ventured not to speak to him of the concern he really felt; and Donna Elvira appeared not only astonished, but incapable of understanding why her brother should be otherwise than glad at the removal of a rival whom he had known only by an insult.

Theodore's gentle heart recoiled from that of such a sister: nay he even contemplated her character with horror, and had some difficulty in collecting arguments that might moderate his aversion to her society.

He had seen a mass of deplorable inconsistency in the vile temper and excellent precepts of the Professor; he had seen Count Lauvenheilm deliberately act in opposition to his avowed principles; he had heard some of the persons who frequented

the house of the latter, applaud generous and humane sentiments, even when their own conduct proved that such sentiments did not influence their lives.

All this, even if it were hypocrisy, was an homage to virtue, a confession of what was right; but in his sister and the Condé he saw such gross ignorance of what was admirable, equitable, nay common, that they obtruded the deformity of their souls upon every eye, without an emotion of shame.

This ignorance, therefore, must be attributable to their early instructors; and as such he began to think they were fitter objects for pity than for dislike.

It was not long, however, before he had reason to doubt, from the estimable character he heard of the aunt by whom she was brought up, that Donna Elvira's shameless display of a hard heart and illiberal opinions, was rather contempt of what is good, than ignorance of its existence.

After an examination of the documents

in favour of Theodore's claims, a junta of the principal nobility in Corella had decided their validity, and expressed their willingness to consider the young claimant as one of their body: and the Spanish sovereigns had intimated their curiosity to see this interesting orphan at the apartment of the Camerara Mayor.

The Queen's indisposition (who was already attacked by the cruel disorder which afterwards carried her to the grave,) gave a temporary respite to Theodore, who was secretly rejoiced that the same circumstance would prevent the Princess Ursini from claiming his visit. It was therefore settled that he should be left behind at Corella to wait the pleasure of his royal protectors, while the Condé proceeded to Madrid.

The investigation of Theodore's claim was now begun; for although Don Jasper's death gave a pause to the business, the next heir had demanded a clear exposition of his rival's rights; and it was necessary for the

Condé who supported those rights, to be on the scene of action.

The aged Noble was in the very act of setting out for the capital of Castille, when the arrival of a gentleman with a message from the Marchioness Amezaga, made him return into the house, and give Theodore the first information of his aunt's existence.

Don Julian had been misinformed about her death; and Donna Elvira had never taken the trouble to rectify her brother's error when he spoke of her as no more: in fact, the Marchioness Amezaga was now living with her two youngest daughters within a short distance of Don Julian's residence, and having but lately arrived there, was scarcely known to her neighbours.

Her present messenger was that gentleman of Saragossa to whom Theodore was obliged for assistance after his rencontre with his cousin; and since then for continued testimonies to his moderate and intrepid conduct: he came to inform the Condé Roncevalles that the Marchioness was in

possession of some papers that would be beneficial to his grandson; and that she could point to a very important witness, who might possibly, though after the lapse of many years, identify his person.

Having executed his commission with great zeal and politeness, this gentleman withdrew, leaving the Condé to discuss, with no small degree of asperity, the character of the Marchioness, and the propriety of acceding to her haughty intimation of producing the documents she possessed only to the claimant himself; and even that was to depend upon her persuasion that he was the son of her sister.

Donna Elvira was called in to assist at the stormy council that followed. Theodore was nearly silent; for at that time he knew his aunt solely by the report of persons prejudiced against her, and was far from suspecting that in description her best qualities had been transformed into defects.

Vexed between the fear that, unless permitted to see her nephew, the Marchioness

would secrete these documents from a legal order, and the obstinate resolution of never communing with one of the race of Montellano, the Condé was irritated into one of his worst humours.

Donna Elvira was the reverse of a peace-maker: her sarcastic and biting humour was employed to heighten the Condé's indignation at the insolent spirit, as she termed it, of the Marchioness; and her plausible reasonings were not spared, to animate Theodore to act in direct opposition to his interest, by proudly defying the Marchioness's resentment.

The Condé could not mistake her motives, and suddenly changing his hostility from one object to another, accused her of selfishness, and commanded her to leave the room.

Perhaps he had secretly intended to comply with the Marchioness Amezaga's demand, and would have thanked both Theodore and his sister, had their importunities to yield to it given him an excuse for yield-

ing, even while he protested against any further communication with one of a family so abhorred.

The remark he made upon Donna Elvira painfully revived in Theodore's mind a suspicion that had of late frequently intruded there. It was a suspicion that his sister really desired his cause to fail.

During Don Jasper's life, she had shewn an extraordinary zeal for her brother's success, and little affection for his person; but since his death, she had evidently sought to throw obstacles in the way, by insinuating doubts said in seeming jest, and possibilities of their all deceiving themselves, as to Theodore's identity.

In truth, Theodore's interest was Donna Elvira's, while Don Jasper lived; for had their grandfather been reconciled to him, both the children of Don Balthazar would most likely have been abandoned. But now he was gone, Donna Elvira flattered herself, that if she could dispossess Theodore, all that the Condé could alienate

from the next heir would be given to her.

Too eager in the pursuit of this interested object to varnish her slavish obedience to her grandfather's ostentatious authority, by any delicacy, she left her motives naked to every eye; and even the Condé himself despised her, while he exacted from her continual sacrifices, and accepted incessant services. He now coarsely explained this to her brother; adding that he supposed she was mortified by the coldness of the family of the president of Castille, who had courted her alliance for their second son, before Theodore appeared as her rival in the Condé's favour.

When Theodore found that no objection could be raised against Don Pedro Ronquillo, he earnestly besought his grandfather to leave him to the issue of the lawsuit, and to provide for Donna Elvira, as he had purposed doing when this young nobleman first addressed her.

"Have I not told you," interrupted the Condé, with one of his freezing looks,

" that I will not suffer this perpetual dictating. You expect to lead me like a child. I am not to be told what is proper to be done for Donna Elvira."

" Pardon me, my Lord, " returned Theodore, " I presume not to dictate. I meant only to express my joyful willingness to accede to whatever your generosity might wish to do for my sister's happiness; but I am aware that I have not the power of gratifying myself by giving up any thing for her sake. I am still legally nothing."

" I have acknowledged you as my grandson, Don Theodore," replied the Condé, proudly.

Theodore only bowed with a flushed cheek; too sincere to utter an untruth, and say he triumphed in that title.

The Condé then proceeded to discuss once more the message of the Marchioness of Amezaga. At length, he determined that Theodore should attend his aunt for the information she boasted of, and having obtained that, visit her no more.

Theodore was shocked at the idea of thus adding insult to former neglect, and he said with some spirit, "You must allow me, then, my Lord, to avow that I act by your orders; for in my own person I would not for the world treat any one, much less a near relation, with such disrespect."

"I wish her to know that you act by my orders," said the Condé, exultingly. He forgot his grandson's censure, in his obedience; and accustomed to obstinate opposition from Don Jasper, and as constant rebellion, was now foolishly proud of commanding, where obedience was the fruit of self-conquest.

In truth, the Condé was always gratified by the consciousness of power; and he gloried in the certainty that the Marchioness Amezaga would learn from Theodore himself, how scrupulously he obeyed.

Happily, Donna Elvira accompanied her grandfather to Madrid, (where Theodore was to follow, after having had the honour of seeing the King and Queen privately, in Princess Ursini's apartment), and she

seemed to leave the Mirador and her brother with joy.

As Theodore leaned over a latticed balcony, and saw them drive from the door, while his eyes fell on the beautiful scene by which he was surrounded, such an emotion of gladness seized him, such a feeling of being now able to taste the charms of peaceful nature, that he was shocked at himself, and could not forbear exclaiming, "And I feel this at parting from the sister I once believed was to console me for the loss of her—" He finished the sentence with a sigh.

For a long time he mused over the serious and sad reflections, this remark suggested; and perhaps while pondering on past and present disappointments, beheld life through too gloomy medium.

But as he involuntarily noted every suffering of his former years, he resolutely struck out all such as had had their origin in imagination; and he strove now to subdue every painful feeling which had only conjecture to rest on.

The realities of his situation were sufficiently distressing, without calling upon Fancy to heighten them; and fixing his mournful eyes upon Heaven, while he tried to reason away his fears for the life of Ellesif, he asked protection and blessing for her, from "Him that dwelleth above the Heavens."

Having obtained his grandfather's permission to attend his aunt, he lost not a moment in sending to request she would name an hour the next day for his visit. "I shall see another disagreeable relation," he thought; "how strange it is that all my kindred are thus unloveable!"

Even while he spoke, a letter was put into his hands, calculated to soften his disgust at his nearest connections. It was from the Marquiss Montanejos, the next heir to the title of Roncevalles. The letter was to explain to Theodore, that by praying the courts of Castille to investigate the claim of Don Theodore, the Marquiss meant not to institute a suit against him, but simply to go through a necessary form, for

the satisfaction of every one in the line of that succession. He therefore prayed his cousin to consider him still as an affectionate kinsman, and an unwilling rival; complimenting him on his generous forbearance towards Don Jasper.

An emotion, long unknown to Theodore, warmed his heart, while reading this letter. It seemed an earnest of future comfort for him; and made him anxiously try to recollect the features and manners of this amiable relation.

The Marquiss Montanejos had been one of the numerous party of friends and kindred to whom the Condé had presented his grandson, the first day he adopted him, at Saragossa. The Marquiss was not a man of sudden impulses, nor given to display himself in first interviews; contenting himself with observing the young pretender to Roncevalles, he scarcely spoke, and quitted Saragossa the next day; leaving his solid good sense, and real dignity of mind, to be discovered at a moment in which his kins-

man stood more particularly in need of such a consolation.

Theodore glanced from the character of the Marquiss to that of the romanticly-generous Don Julian Casilio; and condemned himself for having hastily given to all his countrymen the disagreeable attributes of the Condé, and his intimate associates.

The peculiarities of his own destiny had indeed obliged him to see mankind in their strongest colours. The changing events of that destiny had drawn forth excellencies and evil passions from his companions, which might never have been elicited by the smooth motion of an ordinary fate; and he was therefore to be pardoned for ceasing to feel moderately when he thought of human character.

The pleasing emotion excited by the letter he had just received, had left its expression upon his face, when he went into one of the avenues to meet Gaston de Roye, who had appointed to dine with him, after taking chocolate with the Princess Ursini.

The Chevalier had no sooner caught

sight of him advancing through the long vista of the trees, than he set spurs to his horse, and galloping as if he were charging at the head of his regiment, threw himself off at Theodore's side, and bidding his groom ride forward with the horses, put a couple of letters into his friend's hand.

Theodore saw by their superscriptions that they were from Dofrestom and Mr. Coperstad. Anxious to hear tidings of Count Lauvenheilm and of Ellesif, he broke the seal of Mr. Coperstad's letter; but ashamed of such weakness, perhaps, because it had a witness in De Roye, he hastily opened and read the other.

It was dated three months back, before any news from him had been received at Aardal; and though written under the persuasion that Heinreich's days were numbered, and that his disorder was returning with cruel force, it breathed a spirit of patient and grateful submission, which comforted Theodore.

He dwelt on the simple details of his foster-father, and the few lines added by

each of the dear dwellers of the cottage, with all the tenderness of his earliest years; and as the momentary vision of those early years returned, with their peaceful feelings and blissful ignorance of the world he was now warring through, he felt like the royal Persian, when contemplating the pastoral insignia of his first humble station.

Brushing away the drops that gathered fast in his eyes, and smiling as he did so, he answered De Roye's kind enquiries about his lowly friends; then moving a little way from him under a thicker shade of trees, sought to escape even the eye of friendship, while he read a letter that perhaps contained intelligence of Ellesif.

De Roye had his own uncomfortable thoughts at that moment; and full of what had just passed between him and the Princess Orisini, was debating within himself, whether he should immediately impart it to Theodore, or trust to the chance of Mr. Coperstad's letter sparing him the painful task.

Though he appeared employed in follow-

ing the flight of an Abejuraxa as it now flashed its rainbow plumage through the dark chesnuts, and now opposed it to the sunshine in the open path, he was in reality observing Theodore as he slowly proceeded, reading the letter.

At first he saw nothing in his countenance but unsatisfied eagerness; at length he observed him give a convulsive start, and the next moment look wildly round for him. The Chevalier was instantly by his side. Theodore did not speak; he only pointed with an expressive look to a sentence in Mr. Coperstad's letter. De Roye read it with sorrow, not surprize, for he already knew what he was to read.

The paragraph contained these words:

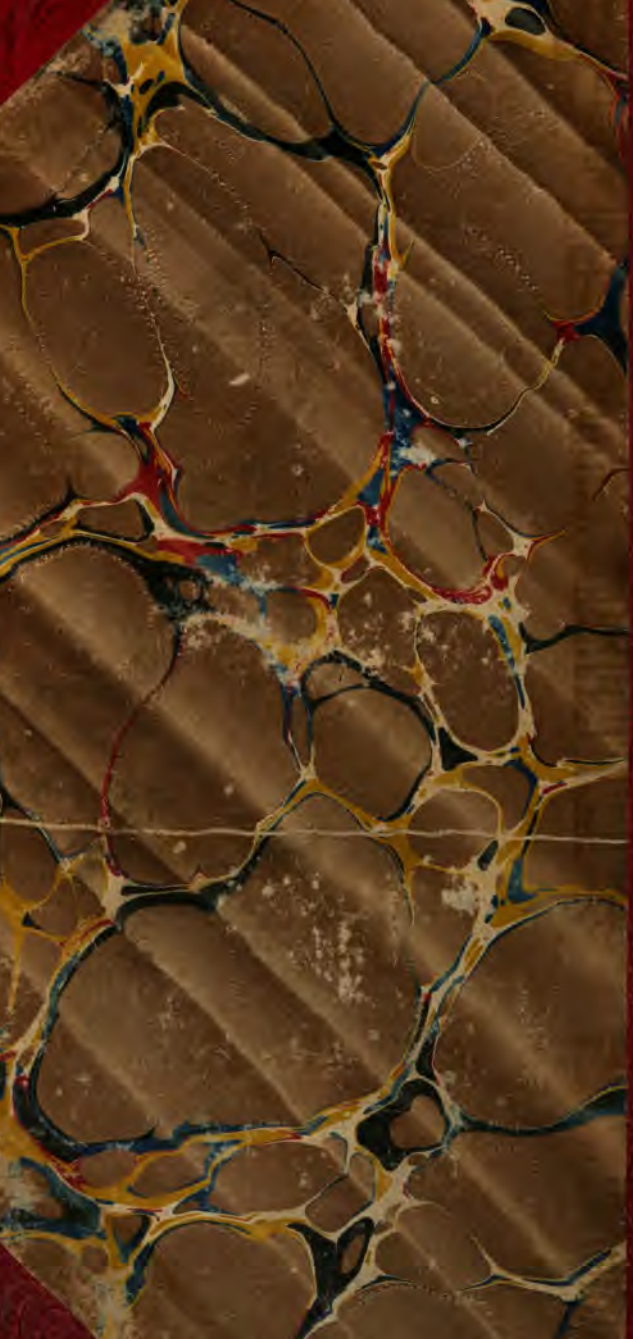
"After the long and painful details of my last letter, I have nothing more to add on a subject that I never reflect on without deep concern; and which I fear has been always too interesting to you. I shall only say, that the disastrous events in the Lauvenheilm family are still spoken of with regret and indulgence; and that the death

of the young countess will be long remembered and lamented."

Theodore's eyes remained fixed upon De Roye, as he read this passage, and seeing no surprize in his countenance, he felt his worst fears confirmed. The suddenness of the shock nearly overset his reason; and snatching the letter from him in a paroxysm of despair, he cried out, "I see, I see it is true."

Crushing the fatal letter against his heart, he attempted to rush away and lose himself amongst the trees; but the headless figure of Count Lauvenheilm, and the dying form of the broken-hearted Ellesif, seemed to rise in his path, and without uttering a sound, he fell at once insensible to the earth.

Leaving the pitying Chevalier to succour and revive him, I turn back to the events it was afterwards his task to relate.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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